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M. adds. 108 d. 42

E. Hamilton

THE

Chapter of Accidents:

A

COMEDY,

IN

FIVE ACTS,

As it is performed at all the

THEATRES-ROYAL

IN

LONDON.

WRITTEN by MISS LEE.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.

M DCC LXXXII.

Mad. 108 d. 42

BODLEIAN
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PREFACE.

THE averſion a woman ought to feel at the neceſſity of engaging even in a literary conteſt, has induced me to endure a variety of imputations; yet, to publiſh a piece, and leave all unanſwered, might at once give a ſanction to the paſt, and encourage future ſlanders:—— let this plead my excuſe for introducing myſelf to thoſe who have ſo generouſly received a comedy I could wiſh more worthy their patronage.

Charged early in life with the care of a family, I accompanied my father eight years ago in the rules of a priſon, where the perjury of an enemy and the injuſtice of a judge for a time confined him. To amuſe ſome of my melancholy leiſure, I there (from a fondneſs for Marmontel's beautiful tale of Lauretta) firſt conceived a deſign of introducing into the Drama a female heart, capable of frailty, yet ſhuddering at vice, and perhaps ſufficiently puniſhed in her own feelings. A lover, whoſe error was likewiſe in his heart, not head; and even for him I contrived a chaſtiſement in the agony of loſing her: nor did I imagine, in adopting a religious tenet, I could ever be accuſed of offending morality. Subſequent characters and incidents aroſe in the manner they now appear, except that the governor had then no place in it. It is now ſeven years ſince the piece was brought thus forward; ſoon after which a friend lent me a tranſlation of Monſieur Diderot's Pere de Famille.——This fine performance gave me infinite pleaſure under all the diſadvantages of a tranſlation: and the chance-ſimilitude which now and then occurred between that and mine rather flattered

than grieved me, ſince, conſcious of my own originality, and imagining even my worſt enemy, if he charged me with plagiariſm, would at leaſt allow, while the ſubject was new to our ſtage, my only crime was in denying it.——I returned the tranſlated play, and mine lay dormant ſeveral years. Sentiment was now exploded, and I therefore ſought to diverſify it with humour. The character of the auſtere Commander in Monſieur Diderot's play had particularly pleaſed me; and not being miſtreſs of the French language, I ſought in vain for a tranſlation, on purpoſe to interweave him into mine. Not able to meet with any, I created the character of Governor Harcourt, (whoſe chief likeneſs to the French uncle is in name) and heightened the piece with every event relative to him: but an unbounded partiality I muſt ever retain for muſic made me finiſh it as a three act opera.

In the interim my father had been engaged as a capital Actor by Mr. Harris. Life opened gradually upon me, and diſſipated the illuſions of imagination. I learnt that merit merely is a very inſufficient recommendation to managers in general! and as I had neither a proſtituted pen or perſon to offer Mr. Harris, I gave up, without a trial, all thoughts of the Drama, and ſought an humble home in Bath, reſolving to bury in my own heart its little talent, and be a poor any thing rather than a poor author. Some valuable friends, I had long poſſeſſed there, inſiſted I ſhould be wanting to myſelf in conſigning this piece voluntarily to oblivion, and offered me a recommendation to Mr. Harris, with a promiſe of concealing my name, unleſs it was accepted. I could deſire nothing more: and under theſe circumſtances it was put into that gentleman's hands above a twelvemonth ago. The praiſes he gave it induced my friend to own my name, and from that moment (let his

conſcience

conſcience tell him why) it ſunk in Mr. Harris's favour. He ſaid he had frequently refuſed a play of Mr. Macklin's taken from le Pere de Famille, and could not accept another on the ſame ſubject; inſiſted that the ſerious part of mine was all Diderot's; adviſed me to cut it entirely out, and convert the humorous part into an after-piece, which he would bring out in the courſe of the ſeaſon. Reaſons very remote from the Stage could alone induce me to liſten a moment to his propoſal, and thoſe brought me a hundred miles to converſe with him on the ſubject; when he produced me the copy ſent him, ſo worn out and dirty, that I had reaſon to conclude he had lent it to every one he knew, at leaſt.——I was enough miſtreſs of myſelf to liſten with complaiſance to the moſt ſupercilious and unmeaning criticiſms, and agreed to mutilate it according to his ideas. The Actors were now named; I had every reaſon to imagine it a ſettled thing; and returning to Bath, ſent the reduced copy at the appointed time, viz. early in September. A month elapſed without my even knowing he had received it; when, with the continued ill manners of addreſſing me by a third perſon, (for he never wrote a ſingle line in anſwer to ſeveral letters) I was ſhewn a paragraph from Mr. Harris by the friend already mentioned, importing, that I "had ſent him *four* acts inſtead of *two*, and muſt ſtill take away half; adding, that he adviſed me by all means to retain my own, diſregarding Diderot's." I did retain my own; for as the manuſcript was [illegible] returned for another alteration, I thought it time to conſider what was due to myſelf, and that the character of mildneſs and complacency would be rather dearly bought if I gave up all merit for it; I therefore wrote him a civil letter, and finally withdrew it.

I ſhall not expatiate on this treatment. I was perhaps in ſome degree blameable, for believing that man would ſet any value on my time or my money, who knew not the value of his own; nay, I may be in reality obliged to him in one ſenſe, ſince his acceptance of my Comedy would inevitably have conſigned to oblivion thoſe parts of it honored with the moſt laviſh applauſe.

What pleaſure do I feel in retracting the general aſperſion caſt upon managers, when I ſpeak of Mr. Colman!—Obliged to get the piece repreſented if poſſible, leſt the ſubject ſhould be borrowed (an evil too common of late) I encloſed with it an anonymous letter to that Gentleman, briefly relating theſe particulars, and it was left at his houſe early in the year by an unknown perſon. At the expiration of a fortnight the manuſcript or his anſwer was demanded, and the latter by this means rendered both impartial and deciſive. Mr. Colman thought the general name of Author entitled to the compliment of his own hand-writing; and, by a flattering opinion, and immediate acceptance of my piece, encouraged me to avow myſelf. By his advice I cut out the ſongs, and lengthened it into five acts. Nor did his kindneſs end there. He gave me the benefit of his judgment and experience, both in heightening and abbreviating the buſineſs, with every attention in caſting and getting it up; generouſly uniting to the name of Manager that of Friend, Mr. Colman has brought into notice a woman who will ever with pride and pleaſure acknowledge the obligation.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Written by GEORGE COLMAN, *Eſq.*

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

LONG has the paſſive ſtage, howe'er abſurd,
Been rul'd by *names*, and govern'd by a *word*.
Some poor *cant term*, like magic ſpells can awe,
And bind our realms, like a dramatic law.
When Fielding, Humour's fav'rite child, appear'd,
Low was the word—a word each author fear'd!
'Till chac'd at length, by pleaſantry's bright ray,
Nature and mirth reſum'd their legal ſway;
And Goldſmith's genius baſk'd in open day.

No beggar, howe'er poor, a cur can lack;
Poor bards, of critic curs can keep a *pack*.
One yelper ſilenc'd, twenty barkers riſe,
And with new *howls*, their *ſnarlings* ſtill diſguiſe.
Low baniſh'd, the word *ſentiment* ſucceeds;
And at that ſhrine the modern playwright bleeds.
Hard fate! but let each wou'd-be critic know,
That *ſentiments* from genuine *feelings* flow,
Critics in vain diſclaim, and write, and rail:
Nature, eternal Nature! will prevail.
Give me the bard, who makes me laugh and cry,
Diverts and moves, and all, I ſcarce know why!
Untaught by commentators, French and Dutch,
Paſſion ſtill anſwers to th' electric touch.
Reaſon, like Falſtaff, claims, when all is done,
The honors of the field already won.

To-

To-night, our author's is a mix'd intent—
Paſſion and humour—*low* and *ſentiment:*
Smiling in tears—a ſerio-comic play—
Sunſhine and ſhow'r—a kind of April-Day!
A Lord, whoſe pride is in his honor plac'd;
A governor with av'rice not diſgrac'd;
An humble prieſt! a lady, and a lover,
So full of virtue, *ſome of it runs over.*
No temporary touches, no alluſions
To camps, reviews, and all our late confuſions;
No perſonal reflections, no ſharp ſatire,
But a mere chapter from the book of Nature.
Wrote by a woman too! the muſes now
Few liberties to naughty men allow;
But like old maids on earth, reſolv'd to vex,
With cruel coyneſs treat the other ſex.

PER-

PERSONS.

Lord Glenmore, - - - -	Mr. BENSLEY.
Governor Harcourt, - - -	Mr. WILSON.
Woodville, only Son to my Lord, - - -	Mr. PALMER.
Captain Harcourt, Nephew to both, -	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Grey, an infirm Clergyman,	Mr. AICKIN.
Vane, Valet to Lord Glenmore,	Mr. LA MASH.
Jacob, Servant to Cecilia, -	Mr. EDWIN.

Cecilia, Miſtreſs to Woodville,	Miſs FARREN.
Miſs Mortimer, Ward to Lord Glenmore, -	Mrs. CUYLER.
Warner, Houſekeeper to Lord Glenmore, -	Mrs. LOVE.
Bridget, Maid to Cecilia, -	Mrs. WILSON.

Scene, London.

Time, twenty-four Hours

THE

THE CHAPTER of ACCIDENTS:

A

COMEDY.

SCENE I. *A Hall.*

Enter Vane *in a Riding Dreſs, and a Footman.*

Vane. RUN, and tell Mrs. Warner, my Lord is at hand; and bid the butler ſend me a bottle of hock. *(Throws himſelf along the hall chairs, wiping his forehead)* Phew! the months have jumbled out of their places, and we have July in September.

Enter Mrs. Warner.

War. Servant, Mr. Vane.

Vane. Ah, my dear creature! how have you done theſe fifty ages?

War. Why, methinks you are grown mighty grand, or you would have come to the ſtill-room to aſk; will you chuſe any chocolate?

Vane. Why don't you ſee I am dead?---abſolutely dead; and, if you was to touch me, I ſhould ſhake to meer duſt, like an Egyptian mummy. Becauſe it was not provoking enough to lounge away a whole ſummer in the country, here am I driven up to town, as if the devil was at my heels in the ſhape of our hopeful heir; who has neither ſuffered my Lord nor me to reſt one moment, through his confounded impatience to ſee his uncle.

War. Umph,---he'll have enough of the old gentleman preſently. He is the very moral of my poor dear lady, his ſiſter, who never was at peace herſelf, nor ſuffered any one elſe to be ſo. Such a houſe as we have had ever ſince he came!---why he is more full of importance and airs than a bailiff in poſſeſſion; and hectors over Miſs Mortimer, 'till ſhe almoſt keeps her chamber to avoid him.

Vane. Hates Miſs Mortimer!---why, here 'll be the devil to pay about her, I ſuppoſe?

War. Hate her? ay, that he does. He look'd as if he could have kill'd her, the moment ſhe came down to ſee him; and got into his chamber preſently after, where he ſends for me.---"Who is this young woman, Mrs. What's your name?" ſays he. Why, ſir, ſays I, ſhe is the orphan of a Colonel Mortimer, whoſe intimacy with my Lord, ſays I---"Pho, pho, ſays he, all that I know, woman; what does ſhe do in this houſe?" ſays he; his face wrinkling all over, like

like cream, when it's ſkimming. Why, ſir, ſays I, her father unluckily died, juſt before the Duke his brother, and ſo could not leave her one ſhilling of all that fine fortune; ſo my Lord intends to marry her to Mr. Woodville, ſays I.——"He does? cries he; heav'n be prais'd I'm come in time to mar that dainty project, however. You may go, woman, and tell Miſs, I don't want any thing more to-night."——So up goes I to Miſs Mortimer, and tells her all this. Lord! how glad ſhe was, to find he intended to break the match, though ſhe can't gueſs what he means.

Vane. Upon my ſoul, I think it is full as hard to gueſs what ſhe means. What the devil, will not my Lord's title, fortune, and only ſon, be a great catch for a girl without a friend or a ſhilling?

War. Ay; but I could tell you a little ſtory, would explain all.——You muſt know——*(ſitting down; a loud knocking.)*

Vane. (ſtarts up.) Zounds, here's my Lord!

[*Exeunt confuſedly.*

SCENE, *An Antichamber.*

Lord Glenmore *and the* Governor *meet; the latter hobbling.*

L. Glen. You are welcome to England, brother! I am ſorry your native air pays you ſo ill a compliment after ſixteen years abſence.

Gov. Faith, my Lord, and ſo am I too, I promiſe you: I put up with theſe things tolerably well in the Indies; I did not go there to be happy; but,

after all my labours, to find I have juſt got the money when it is out of my power to enjoy it, is a curſed ſtroke:---like a fine ſhip of war, I am only come home to be diſmaſted and converted into an hoſpital. However, I am glad *you* hold it better: I don't think you look'd as well when we parted. My ſiſter, poor Suſan! ſhe is gone too:---well, we can never live a day the longer for thinking on't, Where's Frank? is he ſtill the image of his mother?

L. Glen. Juſt as you left him, but that the innocence of the boy is dignified by the knowledge of the man.

Gov. He will hardly remember his old uncle!—— I did love the rogue, that's the truth on't; and never look'd at my money-bags but I thought of him. However, you have provided him a wife?

L. Glen. I have; you ſaw her on your arrival, I ſuppoſe, for I left her in town to attend a ſick aunt. Poor Mortimer! he died one month before the Duke his brother, and miſſed a fine title and eſtate. You know how I loved the honeſt fellow, and cannot wonder I took home his orphan'd daughter, as a match for Woodville.

Gov. Brother, brother, you are too generous; it is your foible, and artful people know how to convert it to their own advantage.

L. Glen. It is, if a foible, the nobleſt incident to humanity. Sophia has birth, merit, accompliſhments; and wants nothing but money to qualify her for any rank.

Gov.

Gov. Can ſhe have a worſe want on earth? Birth, merit, accompliſhments, are the very things that render money more eſſential: if ſhe had been brought up in a decent plain way indeed,---but ſhe has the airs of a peereſs already; and, if any philoſopher doubts of the perpetual motion, I would adviſe him to watch the knocker of your houſe. Then you have, out of your preciſe decorums, removed your ſon, to make way for this flirt of faſhion; and what is the conſequence of rendering him thus early his own maſter?

L. Glen. If you run on thus, only to divert yourſelf, with all my heart; but, if you would throw a real imputation on Miſs Mortimer's conduct, ſhe is entitled to my ſerious defence. I never ſaw any good ariſe from ſecluding young people; and authoriſe Woodville and Sophia to live with that innocent elegance, which renders every rank eaſy, and prevents pleaſure from ſeducing the heart, or ignorance the ſenſes.

Gov. My Lord, I am amazed at you! was there ever yet a woman who didn't mean to paſs for a goddeſs? Do they not gain upon us continually, 'till nothing of our prerogative remains but the name? We are wiſe fellows truly, if we do not keep down this humour of theirs as long as poſſible, by breeding them in retirement. Every tinſel fop will find addreſs enough to convince a wife ſhe is an angel; and the huſband muſt be lucky, as well as ſenſible, who reconciles her to treatment ſo inferior to her deſerts. Woodville will agree with me, I dare ſay; for the character uits with his intended; and, 'faith, he will make

make but a modiſh huſband, or he could not endure to ſee her flying about, like the queen-bee with the whole hive at her heels.

L. Glen. You are too captious, brother!

Gov. And you too placid, brother! If, like me, you had been toiling a third of your days to compaſs a favourite deſign, and found it diſappointed at the moment you thought it complete, what would even your ſerene Lordſhip ſay and do?---here have I promiſed myſelf a ſon in your's,---an heir in your's;---inſtead of which---

L. Glen. His marriage with Miſs Mortimer will not make him unworthy either title.

Gov. Never mention her name to me, I beg, my Lord!---I hate all mode-mongers of either ſex: the wife, I would have given him, has beauty without knowing it, innocence without knowing it, becauſe ſhe knows nothing elſe, and to ſurprize you further, forty thouſand pounds without knowing it---nay, to bring all your ſurprizes together, is my daughter without knowing it.

L. Glen. Your daughter? why have you married ſince my ſiſter's death? your daughter by *her*, you loſt before you went abroad.

Gov. Yes, but I ſhall find her again, I believe.---I know you will call this one of my odd whims as uſual, but we have all ſome; witneſs this dainty project of your's; and ſo I will tell you the truth in ſpite of that project---from the very birth of this girl, I ſaw her mother would ſpoil her, and, had ſhe lived, propoſed kidnapping Miſs in her infancy.

L. Glen.

L. Glen. Kidnap your own daughter!---why brother I need only prove this to obtain a commiſſion of lunacy, and ſhut you up for life.

Gov. Why, though my wife was your Lordſhip's ſiſter, I will venture to tell you ſhe was plaguy fantaſtical, and contrived to torment me as much with her *virtues*, as others by their *vices*---ſuch a fuſs about her *delicacy*, her *ſenſibility*, and her *refinement*, that I could neither look, move, nor ſpeak, without offending one or the other; and execrated the inventor of the jargon every hour in the four and twenty: a jargon, I reſolved my girl ſhould never learn; and heav'n no ſooner took her mother, (heav'n be prais'd for all things!) than I diſpatched her draggle-tailed French governeſs; made a bonfire of every book on education; whip'd Miſs into a poſt-chaiſe (under a pretence of placing her in a nunnery) inſtead of which, I journeyed into Wales, and left her in the care of a poor curate's wife, whoſe name was up as the beſt houſewife in the whole country; then return'd, with a ſolemn hiſtory of her death in the ſmall-pox.

L. Glen. Well, this is indeed aſtoniſhing! an admirable tutoreſs truly for my niece!

Gov. Yes, but there's a better jeſt than that.

L. Glen. Indeed!---is that poſſible?

Gov. How do you think I contrived to make them obey my inſtructions? I ſaw they ſuſpected I was ſome rich humouriſt, and was afraid they would, after all, make a little bit of a gentlewoman of her, for which reaſon, except the firſt year in advance, they never had a ſingle ſhilling of my money.

L. Glen.

L. Glen. This is almoſt incredible! and ſo you left your only child to the charity of ſtrangers?

Gov. No, no, not ſo bad as that neither.---You remember my honeſt ſervant Hardy? after the poor fellow's leg was ſhot off in my tent, I promis'd him a maintenance; ſo entruſting him with the ſecret, I order'd him to live in the neighbourhood, have an eye on the girl, and claim her if ill-uſed:---fine accounts I had from him, 'faith! the old parſon and his wife, having no children, and not finding any one own her, gave out ſhe was *theirs*, and doated on her; in ſhort, ſhe is the little wonder of the country; tall as the palm-tree! with cheeks, that might ſhame the drawing-room; and eyes, will dim the diamonds I have brought over to adorn them——This confounded gout has kept me in continual alarm, or elſe ſhe ſhould have ſpoke for herſelf.

L. Glen. Why then does not Hardy bring her up to you?

Gov. Why for two very ſufficient reaſons:---in the firſt place, that identical parſon paid him the laſt compliment, that is, buried him a twelvemonth ago; and in the ſecond, they would hardly entruſt her to any man but him who deliver'd her to them.---Here was a girl, my Lord, to ſupport your title, of which I dare ſwear you are as fond as ever: ſhe would have brought you a race of true Britons; inſtead of which, from the painted dolls and unjointed Macaronies of theſe days, we ſhall produce our own enemies, and have a race of Frenchmen born in England.

L. Glen.

L. Glen. I thank your *intention*, brother; but am far from wiſhing the chief accompliſhments of Woodville's Lady ſhould be the making *cream cheeſes*, *goats whey*, and *alder wine*.

Gov. Let me tell your Lordſhip, women were never better than when thoſe *were* their chief accompliſhments.——But I may be ridiculous my own way, without being ſingular.——*Harcourt* ſhall have my girl, and my money too.——Cream cheeſes, quotha? no, no, making cream *faces* is an accompliſhment which the belles of theſe days oftener excel in.

L. Glen. I would not adviſe you to publiſh this opinion, Governor!

Gov. But where is this ſon of your's? ſure he has not totally forgot his old uncle?

L. Glen. He will be here immediately.

Gov. Nay, I muſt e'en take an old man's fate, and follow his miſtreſs without complaint.

L. Glen. You have no reaſon for the reproach; this is not his hour for viſiting Miſs Mortimer.

Gov. Miſs Mortimer!—ha, ha, ha! why, do you think I took *her* for his miſtreſs?—what, I warrant, I can tell you news of your own family, though I have hardly been three days in it?——Woodville keeps a girl, and in great ſplendor!—nay, they tell me, that the unconſcionable young rogue encroaches ſo far on the privileges of threeſcore, as to intend marrying the ſlut.

L. Glen. You jeſt ſurely?

Gov. There's no jeſt like a true one——ha, ha, ha! how fooliſh you look!—this is your *innocent elegance*,

this is the bleſſed effect of letting him live out of your own houſe!——

L. Glen. Pr'ythee reſerve your raillery, ſir, for ſome leſs intereſting occaſion;—to have my views thus in a moment overturned!——where does ſhe live?

Gov. Ha, ha, ha!——oh, the difference of thoſe little ſyllables *me* and *thee!* now you can gueſs what made me ſo peeviſh, I ſuppoſe?——as to where Miſs lives, I have not heard; but ſomewhere near *his* lodgings.—A deviliſh fine girl ſhe is, by the bye.—— Ah, I told you, twenty years ago, you would ſpoil this boy,—entirely ſpoil him.

L. Glen. Zounds! Governor, you have a temper Socrates himſelf could not have ſupported;——is this a time for old ſayings of twenty years ago?——finiſh dreſſing;—by that time your nephew will be here, and I ſhall have reflected on this matter.

Gov. With all my heart,—'tis but a boyiſh frolick, and ſo good morning to you.——Here; where's my triumvirate? Pompey, Anthony, Cæſar? [*Exit.*

L. Glen. A boyiſh frolick truly!——many a fooliſh fellow's life has been mark'd by ſuch a boyiſh frolick! ——but her reſidence is the firſt object of my enquiry. ——Vane.

Enter Vane.

Is not my ſon come?

Vane. This moment, my Lord; and walks 'till the Governor is ready.

L. Glen.

L. Glen. Vane!——I have deſerved you ſhould be attached to me, and I hope you are?

Vane. My Lord! (what the devil is he at?) [*Aſide.*

L. Glen. This ſtrange old Governor has alarmed me a good deal;—you are more likely to know, whether with reaſon, than I can be.——Have you heard any thing important of my ſon lately?

Vane. Never, my Lord.

L. Glen. Not that he keeps a miſtreſs?——what does the fool ſmile at?

Vane. I did not think that any thing important, my Lord.

L. Glen. I do, ſir---and am told a *more* important thing; that he even thinks of marrying her:---now, though I cannot credit this, I would chuſe to know what kind of creature ſhe is. Could not you aſſume a clowniſh diſguiſe, and, ſcraping an acquaintance with her people, learn ſomething of her character and deſigns?

Vane. Doubtleſs, to oblige your Lordſhip, *I could* do ſuch a thing.——But, if Mr. Woodville's ſharp eyes (and love will render them ſtill ſharper) ſhould diſcover me, I might chance to get a good drubbing in the character of a ſpy.

L. Glen. Oh, it is very improbable he ſhould ſuſpect you:——at the worſt, name your employer, and your bones are ſafe.——The office perhaps is not very agreeable, but I impoſe few ſuch on you: execute it well, and you ſhall remember it with pleaſure.——I will detain Woodville 'till you are ready; and, as I doubt not that his next viſit will be to this

creature; by following him you will find out where ſhe lives. Prepare then as quick as poſſible, and ſend me word when you are ready; for, 'till then, I will not ſuffer him to depart. [*Exit.*

Vane. A pretty errand this his formal Lordſhip has honor'd me with!——um; if I *betray* him, ſhall I not get more by it?——ay, but our heir is ſuch a ſentimental ſpark, that, when his turn was ſerved, he might betray *me.* Were he one of our hare-um ſkare-um, good-natured, good-for-nothing fellows, it would go againſt my conſcience to do him an ill turn.——I believe I ſtand well in my Lord's will, if Counſellor Puzzle may be truſted, (and, when he can get nothing by a lye, perhaps he may tell truth) ſo, like all thriving men, I will be honeſt becauſe it beſt ſerves my intereſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *A Confin'd Garden.*

Woodville *walking about.*

Wood. How tedious is this uncle!——how tedious every body!——was it not enough to ſpend two deteſtable months from my love, merely to preſerve the ſecret, but I muſt be tantalized with ſeeing without arriving at her? yet how, when I do ſee her, ſhall I appeaſe that affecting pride of a noble heart conſcious too late of its own ineſtimable value?——why was I not uniformly juſt?——I had then ſpared myſelf the bittereſt of regrets.

Enter

Enter Captain Harcourt.

Har. Woodville! how do'ſt?——don't you, in happy retirement, pity me my Ealing and Acton marches and countermarches, as Foote has it?——but, methinks thy face is thinner and longer, than a forſaken nymph's who is going through the whole ceremony of a nine month's repentance.——What, thou'ſt fall'n in love?——ruſtically too?——nay, prithee don't look ſo very lamentable!

Wood. Ridiculous!——keep this Park-converſation for military puppies!——how can we have an eye or ear for pleaſure, when our fate hangs over us undecided?

Har. I gueſs what you mean: but why make mountains of mole-hills? Is the roſy-fiſted damſel ſo obſtinately virtuous?

Wood. Imagine a fair favourite of Phœbus in all reſpects; ſince, while her face caught his beams, her heart felt his genius!—Imagine all the graces hid under a ſtraw hat, and ruſſet gown: imagine———

Har. You have *imagined* enough of conſcience! and now for a few plain facts, if you pleaſe.

Wood. To ſuch a lovely country maid I loſt my heart laſt ſummer; and ſoon began to think romances the only true hiſtories; all the toilſome glories recorded by Livy, phantoms of pleaſure, compared with the mild enjoyments deſcribed by Sir Philip Sydney; and happineſs not merely poſſible in a cottage, but *only* poſſible there.

Har.

Har. Well; all the philoſophers (ancient and modern) would never be able to convince me, a coach was not a mighty pretty vehicle; and the laſſes as good-natured in town as country: but pray let us know, why you laid aſide the paſtoral project of eating fat bacon and exerciſing a crook all day, that thou might'ſt conclude the evening with the ſuperlative indulgence of a peat-fire and a bed ſtuff'd with ſtraw?

Wood. Why, faith, by perſuading the dear girl to ſhare mine.

Har. Oh, now you talk the language of the world: and does that occaſion thee ſuch a melancholy face?

Wood. How ignorant are you both of me and her!——ev'ry moment ſince I prevail'd, has only ſerv'd to convince me I can ſooner live without ev'ry thing elſe than her; and this fatal leiſure (caus'd by my abſence with my father) ſhe has employ'd in adding ev'ry grace of art to thoſe of nature; 'till, thoroughly ſhock'd at her ſituation, her letters are as full of grief as love, and I dread to hear ev'ry hour I have loſt her.

Har. I dread much more to hear you have loſt yourſelf. Ah, my dear Woodville, the moſt dangerous charm of love is, ev'ry man conceits no other ever found out his method of loving: but, take my word for it, your Dolly may be brought back to a milk-maid.—Leave her to herſelf awhile, and ſhe'll drop the celeſtials, I dare ſwear.

Wood.

Wood. She is too noble: and, nothing, but the duty I owe to ſo indulgent a father, prevents me from off'ring her all the reparation in my power.

Har. A fine ſcheme truly! why, Woodville, ar't frantic?---To predeſtinate yourſelf among the horned cattle of Doctors Commons, and take a wife for the very reaſon which makes ſo many ſpend thouſands to get rid of one——

Wood. To withdraw an amiable creature from her duty, without being able to make her happy, is to me a very ſerious reflection;---nay, I ſinned, I may ſay, from *virtue:* and, had I been a leſs grateful ſon, might have called myſelf a faultleſs lover.

Har. Well, well, man! you are young enough to truſt to time, and he does wonders.---Don't go now and ruin yourſelf with your uncle;----I have found him out already, and advertiſe you, none of your formal obſequious bows and reſpectful aſſents will do with him; having been cheated in former times of half his fortune by a paraſite, he miſtruſts ev'ry one, and always miſtakes politeneſs for ſervility. Maintain your own opinion, if you would win his; for he generally grows undetermined, the moment he knows thoſe around him are otherwiſe: and, above all, ſhake off this mental lethargy.

Wood. I will endeavour to take your advice.---Should ſhe fly I were undone for ever!----but you are no judge of my Cecilia's ſincerity. How ſhould you know thoſe qualities, which riſe with ev'ry following hour?---Can you think ſo meanly of me, as that I could be duped by a vulgar wretch? a ſelfiſh wanton?

oh

oh no!---ſhe poſſeſſes every virtue but the one I have robbed her of. [*Exit.*

Harcourt *alone.*

Har. Poor Frank! thy ſponſors ſurely, by intuition, characterized thee when they gave thee that name. ----Did I love your welfare leſs, I could ſoon eaſe your heart, by acquainting you of my marriage with Miſs Mortimer; but now the immediate conſequence would be this ridiculous match.---How, if I apprize either my Lord or the Governor? both obſtinate in different ways: I might betray only to ruin him.---A thought occurs;---my perſon is unknown to her---chuſing an hour when he is abſent, I'll pay her a viſit, offer her an advantageous ſettlement, and learn from her behaviour her real character and intentions. [*Exit.*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *An elegant Dreſſing-Room, with a Toilette richly ornamented. A Harpſichord, and a Frame with Embroidery.*

Bridget *fetches various ſmall Jars with Flowers, and talks as ſhe places them.*

Brid. LORD help us! how fantaſtical ſome folks not an hundred miles off are! If I can imagine what's come to my lady?---Here has ſhe been ſighing and groaning theſe two months, becauſe her lover was in the country; and now truly, ſhe's ſighing and groaning becauſe he's come to town. Such maggots indeed! I might as well have ſtaid in our pariſh all the days of my life, as to live mew'd up with her in this dear ſweet town: I could but have done that with a *vairtuous* lady---altho' I know ſhe never was at Fox-hall in all her jaunts, and we two ſhould cut ſuch a figure there!---Bleſs me! what's come to the glaſs? (*ſetting her dreſs*) why ſure it's dull'd with her eternal ſighing, and makes me look as frightful as herſelf!--- Oh, here ſhe comes with a face as long, and diſmal, as if he was going to be married, and to ſomebody elſe too.

Cecilia *enters, and throws herſelf on the Sopha, leaning on her hand.*

Cec. What can detain Woodville ſuch an age!---it is an hour at leaſt ſince he rode by. Run, Bridget! and look if you can ſee him through the drawing-room window.

Brid. Yes, madam. (*Exit, eyeing her with contempt.*)

Cec. How wearifome is ev'ry hour to the wretched!---they catch at each future one, merely to while away the preſent. For, were Woodville here, could he relieve me from the torment of reflection? or the ſtrong, though ſilent, acknowledgment my own heart perpetually gives of my error?

Brid. (*without*) Here he comes, ma'am, here he comes!

Cec. Does he?---run down then---(*fluttered.*)

Brid. Dear me, no; 'tis not neither: (*enters*) 'tis only the French Ambaſſador's new cook, with his huge bag and long ruffles.

Cec. Blind animal! Sure nothing is ſo tormenting as expectation.

Brid. La, ma'am! any thing will torment one, when one has a mind to be tormented; which muſt be your caſe for certain. What ſignifies ſitting mope, mope, mope, from morning to night? You'd find yourſelf a deal better if you went out only two or three times a day.—For a walk, we are next door to the park, as I may ſay: and, for a ride, ſuch a dear ſweet vis-a-vis and pretty horſes might tempt any one: then, as to company, you'll ſay, "a fig for your ſtarch'd "ladies,

"ladies, who owe their virtue to their uglineſs,"---- mine is very much at your ſervice. (*Curtſies*)

Cec. How could I endure this girl, did I not know that her ignorance exceeds even her impertinence?--- I have no pleaſure in going abroad.

Brid. Oh la, ma'am! how ſhould you know 'till you try? Sure ev'ry body muſt wiſh to ſee and be ſeen. Then there's ſuch a delightful hurricane----all the world are buſy, tho' moſt are doing nothing:----to ſplaſh the mob, and drive againſt the people of quality; ---oh, give me a coach, and London for ever and ever! You could but lock yourſelf up, were you as old and ugly as gay Lady Grizzle at next door.

Cec. Had I been ſo, I had continued happy.

Brid. La, ma'am, don't ye talk ſo purphanely! ----happy, to be old and ugly?----or, I'll tell you what, as you don't much ſeem to fancy going out, ſuppoſe you were to come down now and then (you know we have a pure large hall) and take a game of romps with *us?* If you were once to ſee our Jacob hunt the ſlipper, you would die with laughing!---- Madam Friſk (my laſt miſtreſs) uſed, as ſoon as ever maſter was gone, (and indeed he did not trouble her much with his company) to run down, draw up her brocaded niggle-de-gee, and fall to play at ſome good fun or other:---dear heart! we were as merry then as the day was long; I am ſure I have never been half ſo happy ſince.

Cec. I cannot poſſibly imitate the model you propoſe; but tho' I don't chuſe to go abroad, you may.

Brid. I don't love to go much among the mobility neither. If indeed, madam, next winter you'd give me ſome of your tickets, I would fain go to a maſquerade (it vexes me to ſee um ſtick in the thing-um-bobs for months together) and Mrs. Trim promiſes me the lent of a *Venus*'s dreſs, which, ſhe ſays, I ſhall cut a figure in. Now, ma'am, if I had but ſome diamonds, (for beggars wear diamonds there, they ſay) who knows but I might make my fortune, like you?

Cec. Mar it, much rather, like me.---That is no place for girls of your ſtation, which expoſes you to ſo much inſult.

Brid. Ah, let me alone, madam, for taking care of number one. I ware never afeard but once in my whole life, and that ware of grandfar's ghoſt; for he always hated I, and uſed to walk, (poor ſoul!) in our barken, for all the world like an aſs with a tye-wig on.——*(Knocking hard.)*

Cec. Hark! that ſure is Woodville's knock! fly, and ſee! *(Walks eagerly to the door, and returns as eagerly)*——Alas, is this my repentance? dare I ſin againſt my judgment?

Enter Woodville.

Wood. My Cecilia!---my ſoul!---have I at laſt the happineſs of beholding you? You know me too well to imagine I would puniſh *myſelf* by a moment's voluntary delay.

Cec. Oh, no; it is not that---*(both ſit down on the ſopha.)*

Wood.

Wood. Say, you are glad to ſee me?---afford me one kind word to atone for your cold looks!---are you not well?

Cec. Rather ſay I am not happy.---My dear Woodville, I am an altered being: why have you reduced me to ſhrink thus in your preſence?---oh, why have you made me unworthy of yourſelf?---(*leans againſt his ſhoulder weeping.*)

Wood. Cruel girl!---is this my welcome?---when did I appear to think you ſo?

Cec. Tell me, when any one elſe will think me otherwiſe?

Wood. Will you never be above ſo narrow a prejudice? are we not the whole world to each other?---nay, dry your tears! allow me to dry them; (*kiſſes her cheek*) what is there, in the reach of love or wealth, I have not ſought to make you happy?

Cec. That which is the eſſence of all enjoyments, ---innocence:----oh, Woodville, you knew not the value of the heart, whoſe peace you have deſtroyed.---- My ſenſibility firſt ruined my virtue, and then my repoſe.---But, though for you I conſented to abandon an humble happy home, to embitter the age of my venerable father, and bear the contempt of the world, I can never ſupport my own. My heart revolts againſt my ſituation, and hourly bids me renounce a ſplendor, which only renders guilt more deſpicable. (*Riſes*) I meant to explain this hereafter; but the agitation of my mind obliged me to lighten it immediately.

Wood.

Wood. Is your affection then already extinct? for ſure it muſt, when you can reſolve to torture me thus.

Cec. Were my love extinct, I might ſink into a mean content!---oh no.---'Tis to that alone I owe my reſolution.

Wood. Can you then plunge me into deſpair?---ſo young, ſo lovely too!---oh, where could you find ſo ſafe an aſylum as my heart?---whither could you fly?

Cec. I am obliged to you, ſir, for the queſtion; but who is it has made me thus deſtitute?---I may retain your protection, indeed, but at what a price!

Wood. Give me but a little time, my love! I am equally perplexed between my father and my uncle; each of whom offers me a wife I can never love. Suffer them to defeat each other's ſchemes!---let me, if poſſible, be happy without a crime; for I muſt think it one, to grieve a parent hitherto ſo indulgent.---I will not put any thing in competition with your peace; and long for the hour when the errors of the lover will be abſorb'd in the merits of the huſband.

Cec. No, Woodville! that was, when innocent, as far above my hopes, as it is now beyond my wiſhes. ——I love you too ſincerely to reap any advantage from ſo generous an error; yet you at once flatter and wound my heart, in allowing me worthy ſuch a diſtinction: but love cannot ſubſiſt without eſteem; and how ſhould I poſſeſs your's, when I have loſt even my own?

Wood.

Wood. It is impoſſible you ſhould ever loſe either, while ſo deſerving both.---I ſhall not be ſo eaſily denied hereafter, but am bound by the caprices of others at preſent.——I am obliged to return directly, but will haſten to you the very firſt moment;——when we meet again, it muſt be with a ſmile, remember.

Cec. It will, when we meet again.——Oh how thoſe words oppreſs me! *(aſide)* but do not regulate your conduct by mine, nor make me an argument with yourſelf, for diſobeying my Lord; for here I ſolemnly ſwear never to accept you without the joint conſent of both our fathers; and that I conſider as an eternal abjuration:——but, may the favor'd woman you are to make happy, have all my love without my weakneſs!

[*Exit in tears.*

Wood. Diſintereſted, exalted girl!——why add ſuch a needleſs bar? for is it poſſible to gain my father's conſent? and yet, without her, life would be inſupportable:——the cenſures of the world,—what is that world to me?——were I weak enough to ſacrifice her to the erroneous judgment of the malicious and unfeeling, what does it offer to reward me?---commendations I can never deſerve, and riches I can never enjoy.

[*Exit.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Street before* Cecilia's *Houſe.*

Jacob *opens the Door and lets out* Woodville, *who paſſes over the Stage*; Jacob *remains with his Hands in his Pockets, whiſtling.*

Enter Vane, *diſguis'd, with a Baſket of Game in his Hand.*

Vane. So, there he goes at laſt, I may open the attack without fear of a diſcovery, ſince our hopeful heir will hardly return directly----This intelligence of my landlord's of the Blue Poſts has made the matter much eaſier.———Um, a good ſubject!——ſure I ought to know that Bumpkin's face! as I live, my playfellow at the pariſh-ſchool, Jacob Gawky!——now for a touch of the old dialect——d'ye hire, young mon!---prey, do ye knaw where one Bett Dowſon do live?

Jac. Noa; not I.---

Vane. Hay!---why, zure as two-pence, thou beeſt Jacob Gawky!

Jac. Odſbodlikins! zo I be indeed!---but, who beeſt thee?

Vane. What, dooſt not knaw thy ould zkhool-fellow, Wull, mun?

Jac. Hay!---What,---Wull?--- od rabbit it, if I ben't deſprate glad to zee thee, where doo'ſt live now, mun?

Vane. Down at huome, in our pariſh;---I be com'd up with Sir Izaac Promiſe, to be meade excoiſeman?

Jac. Thee'ſt good luck, faith! wiſh, no odds to thee, my fortin ware as good!---but theed'ſt *always* a muortal good notion of wroiting and cyphers, while I don't knaw my own neame when I do zee it.----What didſt leave zea for?

Vane. Why, I ware afraid I ſhould be killed before I com'd to be a great mon:---but what brought thee into this foine houſe?

Jac. Fortin, Wull! fortin.---Didſt thee knaw Nan o' th' Mill?

Vane. Noa, not I.

Jac. Od rabbit it! I thought ev'ry muortal zoul had knawd zhe.---Well, Nan and I ware ſuch near neighbors, there ware only a barn between us;----ſhe ware a deſperate zmart laſs, that's the truth on't: and I had half a moind to teake to feyther's buſineſs, and marry zhe:---but ecod the zimpletony grow'd ſo fond, that ſome how or other, I ware tired firſt! when, behold you, zquire takes a fancy to me, and made I cuome and live at the hall; and, as my head run all on tuown, when aw comed up to London, aw brought I wi' un:---zo I thought to get rid that way of the bullocking of Nan.

Vane. But, Jacob, how didſt get into thic fine houſe?

Jac. Dang it, doan't I zeay, I'll tell thee preſent---Zoa, as I ware ſaying,---one holiday I went to zee thic there church, wi' the top like a huge punch-bowl turned auver; and, dang it! who ſhould arrive in the very nick, but madam Nan———well, huome comes I as merry as a cricket;---'ſquire caals for I in a muortal hurry; when who ſhould I zee, but madam Nan on her marrowbones a croying for dear

loiſe!—dang it, I thought at firſt I ſhould ha' zwounded;—zo a made a long zarment about 'ducing a poor girl, and zaid I ſhould certainly go to the divil for it, and then turn'd I off. But the beſt fun is to come, mun;—rabbit me! if aw did not teake Nan into keeping himſelf; and zhe do flaunt it about, as ſoine as a ducheſs!

Vane. A mighty religious moral gentleman, truly! (*Aſide*) Well, now you came to this pleace?

Jac. Why, Meay-day, walking in Common Garden to ſmell the pozeys, who zhould I ſee but our Bridget?—I was muortal glad to zee her, you muſt needs think, and zhe got I this here place.

Vane. Wounds! doſt live wi' a Lord in this foine houſe?

Jac. Noa; a Leady, you fool! but ſuch a Leady, zuch a dear, eaſy, good-natur'd creature!—zhe do never ſay noa, let we do what we wull.

Vane. Now to the point, (*aſide*) is your Lady married?

Jac. Noa: but ſhe's as good; and what'ſt think, mun?—to a Lord's zon!—tho' if a ware a King, aw would not be too good for zhe.—A mortal fine comely mon too, who do love her, as aw do the eyes in his head. Couzin Bridget do tell I, zhe zee'd a letter, where aw do zay aw wull ha her any day of the week, whatever do come o'th' next.—Why, I warrant, they have pointed wedding-day!

Vane. The devil they have? my Lord will go mad at this news. (*Aſide*)

Jac. Lauk a deazy! how merry we will be on that day! wot come and junket wi' us?

Vane.

Vane. Yes, yes, I ſhall certainly make one among you,—either then or before; (*aſide*)—but now I muſt goa and give this geame to zquire—zquire—what the Dickens be his neame? I do *always* forget it,—there zhould be a ticket ſomewhere:—zoa,—rabbit me! if ſome of your London fauk ha' no' cut it off, out o' fun!

Jac. Ha, ha, ha! ecod nothing more likelier,—(*both laugh fooliſhly*) thee rum people be zo zharp as needles.—But there's no pleace like it, for all that—I be ſet upon living and dying in it.

Vane. Now to ſecure my return if neceſſary. (*Aſide*)—I'll tell thee what, Jacob! ſeeing as how I ha loſt thic there direction, do thee teake the baſket: 'tis only a preſent of geame from the parſon o' our pariſh; and, if zo be I can't find the gentleman, why 'tis honeſtly mine.—Meay be I'll come, and teake a bit o' ſupper wi' ye.

Jac. Wull ye indeed?—dang it! that's clever; and then you'll ſee our Bridget. She's a mortal zmart laſs, I promiſe ye!—and, meay be, may'ſt get a peep at my Lady, who's deſperate handſome!—good bye t'ye.—Bridget's zo comical!—od rabbit it, we'll be main merry, [*Exit.*

Vane *alone.*

Vane. Thus far I have ſucceeded to admiration!—our young heir has really a mind to play the fool and marry his miſtreſs!—tho', faith, marrying *his own* does not ſeem very inexcuſable, when ſo many of his

equals modeſtly content themſelves with the caſt-offs of half *their acquaintance.* [*Exit.*

SCENE, *An Apartment in* Cecilia's *Houſe.*

Enter Bridget.

Brid. So, juſt the old ſtory again! crying, crying for ever!—Lord, if I was a man, I ſhould hate ſuch a whimpering—what would ſhe have, I wonder? to refuſe ſuch a handſome, genteel, good-natur'd man!—and, I'll be ſworn, he offer'd to marry her; for I liſtened with all my ears!—oh, that he would have *me* now!—I ſhould become my own coach purdigiouſly, that's a ſure thing. Hay, who knocks?

Enter Jacob.

Jac. A young man do want my Leady.

Brid. A man?—what ſort of a man?

Jac. Why a man—like—juſt ſuch another as I.

Brid. No, no, no;—that's not ſo eaſy to find:—what can any man want with her? ſhew him in here, Jacob.

Jac. *(Returning in a kind of glee)* When ſhall we have the wedding, Bridget?

Brid. We ſhall have a burying firſt, I believe.

Jac. Od rabbit it! we won't be their ſeconds there, faith! [*Exit.*

Brid. Now, if he miſtakes me for my Lady, I ſhall find out what he wants.

Enter

Enter Captain Harcourt, *diſguiſed, with* Jacob.

Har. *(Surveying her)*——Is *that* your Lady?

Jac. He, he, he! lauk, zur, don't ye knaw that's our *Bridget?* [*Exit.*

Brid. So, deuce on him, there's my whole ſcheme ſpoilt!—my Lady, ſir, is engaged; but, if you tell me your buſineſs, it will do juſt as well.

Har. For yourſelf it may, child! *(chucks her under the chin.)*

Brid. What, you belong to Mr. Gargle the apothecary? or come from the jeweller on Ludgate-hill? or have a letter from——

Har. *(Interrupting her.)*—The very perſon; you have hit it. And now, do me the favour to tell your Lady, a *ſtranger* wiſhes to ſpeak to her on particular buſineſs.

Brid. Very well, ſir:---was ever handſome man ſo crabbed! [*Exit.*

Har. Egad, if the miſtreſs have half as much tongue as the maid, Woodville may catch me in the midſt of my firſt ſpeech.——Now for my credentials! and here ſhe comes!---a lovely girl indeed! I can ſcarce blame Frank, for ſhe awes *me.*

Enter Cecilia, *followed officiouſly by* Bridget.

Cec. I was informed, ſir, you had particular buſineſs with me?

Har. I took the liberty, madam,---I ſay, madam, I----

Cec.

Cec. As I have neither friends or relations in London, *(ſighs)* I am at a loſs to gueſs———

Har. What I would communicate, madam, requires ſecrecy.

Cec. Bridget, go where I ordered you juſt now.

Brid. Yes, madam;---but if I an't even with you for this. [*Exit.*

Cec. I complied with your requeſt, Sir, without enquiring the motive; becauſe you, I think, *can* have only one---My father, if I may truſt my heart, has made you his meſſenger to an unwilling offender.

Har. Pardon me, madam, but I refer you to this.

Cec. (Reads)

" Madam,

" Being certainly informed Mr. Woodville is on the point of marrying a Lady choſen by his friends, when it is preſumed you will be diſengaged, a nobleman of rank, and eſtate above what *he* can ever poſſeſs, is thus early in laying his heart and fortune at your feet, leſt ſome more lucky rival ſhould anticipate him.——— The bearer is authoriſed to diſcloſe all particulars, and offer you a ſettlement worthy your acceptance.——— Deign, madam, to liſten to him on the ſubject, and you will find the unknown lover as generous and not leſs conſtant than Woodville."

Cec. Good heavens! to what an inſult have I expoſed myſelf! [*She burſts into tears, and ſinks into a chair, without minding* Harcourt; *who watches her with irreſolution.*]

Har. What can I think?—there is an air of injur'd delicacy in her, which teaches me to reproach myſelf for a well-meant deceit.——If, madam,——

Cec.

Cec. I had forgot this wretch. *(Riſes)* Return, ſir, to your vile employer; tell him, whoever he is, I am too ſenſible of the inſult, tho' not entitled to reſent it—tell him, I have a heart above my ſituation, and that he has only had the barbarous ſatisfaction of adding another miſery to thoſe which almoſt overwhelmed me before.

Har. Hear me, madam, I conjure you!

Cec. Never! a word would contaminate me.—— *(Struggling to go off.)*

Har. Nay, you ſhall——You do not know half the good conſequences of this letter; I am the friend, the relation of Woodville—my name Harcourt!

Cec. Is it poſſible *he* ſhould be ſo cruel, ſo unjuſt——

Har. He is neither cruel nor unjuſt, but only unfortunate.----Hear---he deſigns to marry you; this I learnt from himſelf only this morning. As a proof of my ſincerity, I will own I doubted your right to that mark of his eſteem, and made this trial in conſequence. Pleas'd to find you worthy of his rank, I feel ſhock'd at reminding you, you ought not to ſhare it. But, madam, if you truly love him, you cannot wiſh that to be juſt to you, he ſhould be unjuſt to thoſe who have a prior right over him.---This ſhall poſitively be my laſt effort. *(Aſide)*

Cec. A motive like your's, ſir, will excuſe any thing. How little my happineſs, honour, or intereſt, *ever* weighed againſt his, need not be repeated. Far be it from me *now* to diſgrace him; he is apprized of my invincible objections to a match which will never

take place. May he form a happier, while I by a voluntary poverty expiate my offence.

Har. Ma----- Ma---- what the devil choaks me ſo?---I am ſtruck with your ſentiments, and muſt find you a proper aſylum. The moment I ſaw you, I had hopes ſuch manners could not veil an immoral heart. I have proved your ſincerity, and owe a reparation to your delicacy. The propoſed bride of Woodville is every way worthy that diſtinction; nor am I without hopes even *ſhe* will be prevailed on to protect you.---But I muſt not leave a doubt of my ſincerity:---do you know Miſs Mortimer?

Cec. I have ſeen the lady, ſir. But dare I credit my ſenſes?----has heav'n form'd two ſuch hearts, and for me?----

Har. With her, your ſtory will be buried for ever: and, I think, the ſooner you diſappear, the more eaſily will you prevent Woodville's diſobedience. I will open the affair to Miſs Mortimer directly, and, if ſhe acquieſces, deſire her to call for you in perſon, to prevent the poſſibility of any artifice.

Cec. He, who inſpired ſuch ſentiments, alone can reward them! Oh, ſir, you have raiſed a poor deſponding heart; but it ſhall be the buſineſs of my future life to deſerve thoſe favours I can never half repay.

Har. I find, by puniſhing me with acknowledgments, you are reſolved to be obliged to me. The time is too precious to be waſted on ſuch trifles. At ſeven, you ſhall have certain intelligence of my ſucceſs:

ceſs: employ the interim to the beſt advantage, and hope every thing from daring to deſerve well.

[*Exit.*

Cecilia *alone.*

Aſtoniſhing interpoſition of heav'n!---Hope?---what have I to hope?--- but, let the conſciouſneſs of acting rightly ſupport me in the ſad moment of renouncing Woodville; and, in him, all that render'd life deſirable.

SCENE, *Lord* Glenmore's Houſe.

Lord Glenmore *and* Vane.

L. Glen. And are you ſure of all this?

Vane. Abſolutely, my Lord! I have known the bumpkin, her footman, from the height of his own club.

L. Glen. What a curs'd infatuation!---theſe are the comforts of children;---our fears beginning, from the moment our power ends;---the happieſt of fathers is not to be envied;---I know not what to reſolve on!

Vane. If I may be permitted to adviſe, my Lord---

L. Glen. And who aſk'd your advice, ſir?

Vane. You have, my Lord,-- formerly.

L. Glen. Take care you ſtay 'till I do! leave me, ſir.

Vane. If you don't like my advice, I ſhall give you my opinion very ſhortly.---A cruſty crab!

[*Exit muttering.*

L. Glen. This is the certain conſequence of entruſting low people;---and yet there is no doing without them.---I can never maſter my feelings enough to ſpeak properly to Woodville on the ſubject, therefore muſt fix on ſome other method---(*pauſes*)---That's a ſure one, and falls heavy on the artful, aſpiring creature, only!---Vane!---

Re-enter Vane.

---Could not you procure me a travelling-chaiſe and four ſtout fellows immediately?

Vane. To be ſure, my Lord, I can order a chaiſe at any inn, if you chuſe it.

L. Glen. Pho, pho,---don't put on that face;---you muſt go through with this thing like a man.---Here's ſomething for the ſhare you have already had in it.---Do what I have ordered, and wait near the Horſe Guards in about an hour; when I ſhall ſeize this inſolent baggage, and convey her out of my ſon's reach.---You gave me a high-flown account of her;---and, as you are a ſmart young fellow, and ſhe muſt at leaſt be pretty, if we can contrive to frighten her into taking *you* as a huſband, it will end all my fears, and ſhall be the making of your fortune.

Vane. Gad, I like the project well.---A handſome wife is the beſt bait, when we fiſh for preferment;---and this gives me a double claim both on father and ſon. (*aſide*) Nothing but the profound reſpect I have for

for your Lordſhip could induce me to think of this; —though born without rank and fortune, I have a ſoul, my Lord,——

L. Glen. Come, come; my good lad! I gueſs what you would ſay: but we have no time for ſpeeches.---I have ſet my heart on the ſucceſs of this project; and you ſhall find your intereſt in indulging me. [*Exeunt different ways.*

SCENE, *Miſs* Mortimer's *Apartment.*

Enter Captain Harcourt, *meeting Miſs* Mortimer.

Har. If I were to judge of your temper by your looks, my dear, I ſhould ſay it was uncommonly ſweet this morning.

M. Mor. A truce with compliment; I muſt, in reaſon, renounce dear flattery after marriage.

Har. To flattery you never paid court: but the language of the heart and the world will ſometimes reſemble.—I ought, however, to praiſe your temper, for I am come to try it,---and give you a noble opportunity of exerting its benevolence.

M. Mor. A benevolence you certainly doubt, by this ſtudied eulogium.

Har. I might, did I not know it well.---In ſhort, my love, I have taken the ſtrangeſt ſtep this morning——

M. Mor. What ſtep, for heav'n's ſake?

Har. In regard to a lady.----

M. Mor. Not another wife, I hope?

Har. No,---only a miſtreſs.----

M. Mor. Oh, a trifle; a trifle.---

Har. You may laugh, madam, but I am ſerious; and a fine girl ſhe is: nay to ſhew you I have not read Cheſterfield in vain, I have robb'd my deareſt friend of her; in plain Engliſh, Woodville has a miſtreſs he doats on ſo madly, as even to intend marrying her.---Imagining her, like moſt of her ſtamp, only an artful and intereſted creature, I paid her a viſit as a ſtranger, with an offer which muſt have unveil'd her heart, had it been baſe:---but I found her, on the contrary, a truly noble-minded girl, and far above her preſent ſituation; which ſhe earneſtly wiſhes to quit.---In ſhort, my dear, I thought it prudent to part them; and, in your name, offered her an aſylum.

M. Mor. In my name? You amaze me, Mr. Harcourt! Would you aſſociate your wife with a kept miſtreſs? bring ſuch an acquiſition into the houſe of Lord Glenmore, and deprive Woodville of perhaps his only reaſon for not interfering with us?---Do you think I credit this *ſudden* acquaintance?

Har. I deceiv'd myſelf, I find:—I thought you above ſuch low ſuſpicion, that you could make diſtinctions.

M. Mor. Yes, yes, I can make diſtinctions more clearly than you wiſhed. You muſt excuſe my interference in this affair, ſir; and let me hint to you, that your own will do as little credit to your heart as to your underſtanding.

Har. Mighty well, madam; go on! Settle this with reſpect to yourſelf, but do not be concerned about me; for, in one word, if you cannot reſolve on protecting this poor unfortunate, I will.

M. Mor. *(Aſide)* That muſt not be; yet his warmth alarms me.---Nay but, my dear, think deliberately!---Suppoſing her all you ſay, the world judges by actions, not thoughts, and will bury her merit in her ſituation.

Har. It is that cruel argument perpetuates error in ſo many of your frail ſex: be the firſt to riſe above it. That you are in Lord Glenmore's houſe, will be your juſtification, both to the world and himſelf: for, what but a generous motive can actuate you? In my eyes, my dear Sophia, virtue never looks ſo lovely as when ſhe ſtretches out her hand to the fallen.

M. Mor. Oh, Harcourt! I am aſhamed of my ſuſpicion: I ought to have known all the candour and generoſity of your heart, and received in a moment the unhappy woman it patronized:---yet, at this criſis, in our own affairs to run the chance of further exaſperating my benefactor———

Har. I am not to learn, that friendſhip and love have been mere maſks to fraud and folly in the great world; no one would blame me, were I to ſuffer Woodville to ruin himſelf, as the ſhorteſt way of fixing my own fortune, and obtaining my Lord's approbation of your choice. But, I know not how it happened, that, when a mere boy, I took it into my head, truth was as much to the purpoſe as lying; and, as I never got into more ſcrapes than others, why I ſtill purſue my ſyſtem, and prefer honour to art. Then, if we fail, we have ſomething better to conſole us than a pond or a piſtol; and, if we ſucceed, what is there wanting to our happineſs?

M. Mor-

M. Mor. And how do you mean to manage her eſcape?

Har. That, my deareſt, is the difficulty. I found ſhe had ſeen you, and therefore was obliged to ſatisfy her of my honour, by aſſuring her you would call for her in perſon.

M. Mor. Very well; we muſt carefully watch our opportunity. You dine here---the *word* of command you are accuſtomed to obey, but you muſt now become obedient to the *look:* for, you know, I have my difficulties, however ſtrong my deſire of obliging you.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A magnificent Drawing-Room.*

Miſs Mortimer *pouring out Coffee ſends it to the Company; Captain* Harcourt *leans againſt a Pannel near her, ſipping it; at a little Diſtance the* Governor *and* Woodville *playing at Backgammon, while Lord* Glenmore *leans over his Chair, thoughtfully obſerving the Behaviour of his Son, who loſes merely to make his Uncle leave off.*

Har. IT grows near the appointed hour, my love!---but how to make ſure of Woodville.

M. Mor. You ſhould have thought of that before, my ſagacious confidante! However, as I do not need your company, faſten it upon him;---pretend a duel,---pretend an intrigue;---in ſhort, if all elſe fails, pretend you are dying, and keep him to make your will, rather than ſuffer him to interrupt me.

L. Glen. (to himſelf) What way can I ſecure the abſence of this ſon of mine? for, I ſee plainly, another lucky hit would almoſt provoke him into throwing the dice in the Governor's face: yet Vane, I doubt, has hardly been able to procure me ev'ry convenience in ſo ſhort a time. However, I will make one of my own garrets his minx's priſon, rather than ſuffer her to interfere with my ſerious views.

Gov.

Gov. (*Riſing from play*) Zounds, Frank! you are like the French; ſo ready to be beat, that there is hardly any triumph in conquering you. But you ſhall take your revenge, I inſiſt upon it.

Wood. Another time, ſir;---my head achs;---my ----in ſhort, I cannot play any longer; my couſin will engage with you.

Har. (*twitching his ſleeve*) Kind ſir, your couſin is infinitely indebted to you; but he, like yourſelf, may have ſomething elſe to do; and ſo indeed has ev'ry body, for we all ſeem impatient to ſeparate.

M. Mor. (*to the ſervant, removing coffee*) Bid Warner ſend my cloak.

L. Glen. Going abroad, my dear?

M. Mor. Only a formal round, my Lord.

L. Glen. Woodville, you attend Miſs Mortimer.

M. Mor. Sweetly contrived that, however, and my lover ſeems poſed. (*Aſide to* Harcourt)---I will not ſo ſeverely tax Mr. Woodville's politeneſs, my Lord.

Wood. You are very obliging, madam; (*to* Harcourt) and the only thing ſhe has ſaid or done to oblige me this day, entre nous.

Har. (*aſide*) Um, not quite ſure of that, if you knew all---(*turning to Miſs* Mortimer) I will march off quietly, and lie in wait for Woodville, ſo that I think you may depend on his not meeting you.

[*Goes off unobſerved.*

[Woodville, *having taken his hat and ſword, offers his hand to Miſs* Mortimer.

L. Glen. So, he is going to eſcape! They all take pleaſure in perplexing me. Frank, return to me directly;

rectly; I have bethought myſelf of ſomething very important, in which I need your aſſiſtance.

Wood. Would I had bethought myſelf of vaniſhing, like Harcourt! How deviliſhly vexatious!

[*Leads Miſs* Mortimer *off.*

Gov. So, there goes madam, to coquette, curtſy, and talk nonſenſe with every well-dreſſed ape of either ſex. Before I would allow a girl ſuch a freedom---

L. Glen. Brother, do not judge 'till you know her and give me leave to tell you, theſe prejudices of your temper will render you very ridiculous.

Gov. The prejudices of *my* temper! Oh Lord, Oh Lord! this is an excellent jeſt. Zounds, becauſe you have not the uſe of your eyes.---

L. Glen. I ſhall never have patience. My head is juſt now full of ſomething too important, to examine which of us is moſt in the wrong. I am fixed on removing this ambitious minx of my ſon's for ever out of his reach immediately. Will you oblige me with the company of your ſervants? Being ſlaves, they will not dare reveal the affair; and, were they ſo inclined, can hardly comprehend it.

Gov. Will I? ay, that I will; and with my own company into the bargain.

L. Glen. Hiſt! he returns; and, if we may judge by his countenance, mortified enough, to loſe the evening away from her.

Re-enter Woodville.

Go, my dear Frank, firſt to Puzzle's chambers, for

the mortgage of Hayfield houſe, and don't fail to learn his whole opinion upon the ſubject; *(aſide to the* Governor) and that will take two long hours by a very moderate computation;---then proceed to the London Tavern, and aſk if Levi, the Jew, waits there by my appointment? otherwiſe do you wait there 'till either he or I join you.

Wood. A pretty round-about employment my father has invented for me! *(aſide)* and I dare not give the leaſt ſymptoms of diſguſt, leſt that troubleſome old uncle of mine ſhould pry into the cauſe. I ſhall obſerve your orders, my Lord---though if the devil has called upon the counſellor a little before his time, I ſhall conſider it as an eternal obligation. [*Exit.*

L. Glen. Now I muſt enquire after Vane. [*Exit.*

Gov. And I will give a little lecture to my myrmidons, and wait with them your pleaſure. Od, it will be precious ſport, to catch madam ſo unawares, and ſee her play off every virtuous grimace with which ſhe entangled young 'Scapegrace. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE, *The Hall.*

Enter Vane, *looking about.*

Hey-day; ſure his old-faſhioned Lordſhip has not employed two of us on one errand! An old man has been hov'ring about madam's houſe, and has followed me here, without my knowing what to make of him. However, ears befriend me! [*Retires liſtening.*

Enter

Enter the Governor, *and his black Servants ſoon after.*

Here Anthony, Pompey, Cæſar! you dogs, be ready to attend my Lord and me on a little expedition. ---No; no flambeaus, boobies!---the chaſte Miſs Diana will ſurely take a ſpiteful pleaſure in lighting us to catch another kind of Miſs.---And, do ye hear? not one ſyllable of the when, where, or how, except you intend to dangle on one ſtring, like a bunch of black grapes. [*Talks to them apart.*

Enter Grey.

Grey. It is here, I am at length informed, the father of this abandoned ſeducer reſides.---Yet, what redreſs can poverty hope from pride?---ſurely, however, for his own ſake, he will aſſiſt me in regaining the poor girl, and afterwards prevent the wretch from purſuing her?---there I ſuppoſe he is!--- my Lord.

Gov. (*Turns ſhort upon him*) Well, old ſturdy! what do you want with my Lord?

Grey.---Merciful heav'n! the father of Cecilia

Vane. (*Liſtening*) Hey?--- indeed!

Grey. Oh! how my heart miſgives me! perhaps, this baſe Woodville--- her very brother----

Gov. What, is the old man ill?---ſure I know this honeſt---it is not---yet it is---Grey?

Grey. The ſame indeed, my Lord.

Gov. No my Lord, to me, man! my name is Harcourt.

Grey. Bleſſed be heav'n for that however!

Gov. Be not righteous over much! for that my name is Harcourt, I do not reckon among the firſt favours of heav'n.---But, ha, ha! perhaps you thought I had no name at all by this time?---'faith, I put a pretty trick upon---well, well, well!---(*to the blacks*) you may retire till my Lord is ready. [*Exeunt.* I am a riddle, honeſt Grey! but now I am come to expound myſelf, and make thy fortune into the bargain.---It is many a long day ſince I ſaw old England.---But at laſt I am come home with a light heart and a heavy purſe, deſign to fetch up my Cicely, give her and my money to the honeſteſt fellow I can find, and grow old amid' a roſy race of Britons ſpringing from a ſtem rear'd after my own faſhion.---There's news for you, my honeſt friend.

Grey. Alas, how little will he think I deſerve his favour, when he hears my account of her! and how can I ſhock a parent, with what too ſeverely ſhocks even myſelf? [*Aſide.*

Gov. What,--ſilent, man?--ha, ha, ha! I can't but laugh to think how fooliſh you look'd at the ſecond year's end, when no allowance came,---but that was my own contrivance: all done on purpoſe, my good old ſoul! and now it will come in a lump; there's the whole difference.---Well, and ſo my dame made her a pattern of houſewifery, hey?--od! I don't intend to touch another pickle or preſerve that is not of my little Cicely's own doing; and I'll build her a dairy with ev'ry bowl and churn of ſilver!---zounds, it ſhall be a finer ſight than the Tower of London!---

and

ar'n we'll ſet up dame Deborah's ſtatue before it, like Queen Ann's in St. Paul's Church-yard!---but, why doſt'nt enjoy this diſcov'ry, man? ar't afraid I ſhall take her from thee? oh, never think of that; for thou ſhalt bleſs ev'ry pye ſhe makes; ay, and *taſte* it afterwards, Old Pudding-Sleeves.

Grey. Ah, ſir! *(ſighing.)*

Gov. Hey? Zounds!---what do'ſt mean? ſure my Cicely isn't dead?

Grey. No, not dead, ſir!

Gov. She's very near it, then, I ſuppoſe?

Grey. No, Sir.

Gov. No, Sir? then what the devil do you mean by alarming me thus, with your "No Sirs," after all?

Grey. Alas, is there no greater evil?

Gov. None, that I know of; but your whole fraternity are not more like ravens in colour than note; ---come, let us know what this mighty evil is?

Grey. For years did ſhe increaſe in goodneſs as in beauty; the charm of ev'ry young heart, and the ſole comfort of thoſe old ones, to whom heav'n and man ſeem'd to have conſign'd her for ever.

Gov. Well, well; I had a little bird told me all this----

Grey. About a twelvemonth ago, during a little abſence of mine, a young man of faſhion introduced himſelf into my houſe: and, my wife being void of ſuſpicion, and the dear girl uninſtructed in the ways of this bad world,---

Gov.

Gov. The dog betray'd her?---and is this your care, you old——and that ignoramus, your wife---zounds! I am in ſuch a fury;—I want to know no more of her infamous conduct.—Od! I am ſtrangely tempted to have you ſtrangled this moment, as a juſt reward for your negligence; and ſo bury the ſecret with you.

Grey. It is as effectually buried already, Sir,—I love the dear unhappy girl too well, ever to tell her heav'n gave her to ſuch a father.

Gov. Yes, yes;—you are better ſuited to the—I hope ſhe pays for this ſeverely! you make her ſtand in a white ſheet, to be pointed at by the whole village ev'ry Sunday, to be ſure?

Grey. Alas, Sir, ſhe put it out of my power even to forgive her.---

Gov. Forgive her! forgive her truly!

Grey. By flying immediately from her only friend. ---Infirm and poor, I ſtruggled with the joint-evils till now; when, having collected enough to ſupport me, I walk'd up in ſearch of her:---it was only yeſterday I diſcovered her in a ſplendid coach, which I traced to her houſe.

Gov. A *houſe*, I ſhall run mad entirely---a *coach*? ---why dare the little brazen-face pretend to elegance, when I took ſuch pains to quench ev'ry ſpark of gentility in her?

Grey. In the neighbourhood I diſcover'd the name of her ſeducer; and, in ſeeking him, met with you.—— Moderate your paſſion, Sir,——reflect! when age is frail, what can we expect in youth?---ſhall man deſert humanity?

Gov.

Gov. So, ſo, ſo; now I am to be tortur'd with your preaching.---I renounce the unworthy little ſlut. ---I have no friend,---no daughter,---no any thing; ---od! I would ſooner build an hoſpital for ideots, like Swift, and endow it with all my fortune, than beſtow it on one who thus perverts reaſon:---hark ye, Sir,--- forget the way to this Houſe!---forget you ever ſaw my face!---would I had never ſeen your's!---for, if you dare to ſend her whining to me, I'll torment you with ev'ry plague, power, wealth, law, or even lawyers can ſet in motion---by heav'n, I abjure the audacious little wretch for ever! and will ſooner return to India and bury my gold with thoſe from whom it was taken, than beſtow a ſingle ſhilling on her, when ſhe loſes her *coach* and her *houſe*.

Grey. *(Contemptuouſly)* And I will ſooner want a ſhilling, than ſuffer her to waſte her youth in a ſtate which will render her age an unſupportable burthen. Fear not, Sir, ever ſeeing *her* or *me* again; for the boſom which rear'd will joyfully receive her, nor further embitter her remaining days with the knowledge ſhe was born the equal of her undoer; and depriv'd herſelf of all thoſe bleſſings heav'n only *bid*, never denied her. [*Exit.*

Governor *alone.*

Gov. Who would have a daughter?---zounds! I am as hot as if I was in the black hole at *Calcutta*.--- If miſs had only married a lout, from ignorance of her birth, I could have forgiven it; but, her puppy be-

ing of faſhion, the papers will get hold of it, and I ſhall be paragraphed into purgatory.---Fools can turn wits on theſe occaſions; and "a certain Governor and his daughter," will ſet the grinners in motion from Piccadilly to Aldgate.---This inſolent old fellow too! ---I need not wonder were ſhe got courage!---not but I like his ſpirit,---od! I like it much!---it proves his innocence.---What the devil did I drive him away for!---here, dogs! run after that old man in black, and order him to return to me this moment.

Enter Lord Glenmore.

L. Glen. And now brother I am ready for you.

Gov. Yes; and now, brother, I have ſomething elſe to mind, and my ſervants, moreover--- [*Exit.*

L. Glen. What new whim can this troubleſome mortal have taken into his head? *(a rapping at the door)* I'm not at home remember--Miſs Mortimer!--who's with her?

Miſs Mortimer *enters, with* Cecilia *in mourning.*

Miſs Mor. Nay, as to that circumſtance---bleſs me, here's my Lord!

Cec. My Lord!--good heav'ns, I ſhall ſink into the earth!

M. Mor. He can never gueſs at you;---recover, my dear creature!

L. Glen. Is the lady indiſpos'd, Miſs Mortimer?

M. Mor. Yes, my Lord;---that is, no---I don't know what I am ſaying;---ſhe has been ill lately, and riding has a little overcome her; that's all.---(*Aſide to* Cecilia)

Cecilia) Struggle to keep up, for heaven's ſake and your own.

Cec. Impoſſible! (*Lord* Glenmore *draws a hall-chair, in which ſhe faints*).

L. Glen. Warner! drops and water, in a moment!---How beautiful ſhe is!---her features are exquiſitely fine!

M. Mor. They are thought ſo, my Lord.---Bleſs me! where can I have crammed my Eau de Luce!---oh, I have it.

L. Glen. Her pulſe returns,---ſhe revives.

Cec. I beg your pardon, madam!---my Lord, too!---I am ſhock'd to have occaſioned ſo much trouble.

M. Mor. Abſurd, to apologize for the infirmity of nature:---my Lord, I do aſſure you, was quite anxious---

L. Glen. The man muſt ſurely have loſt every ſenſe, who can ſee this lady, even when deprived of her's, without emotion:---but to me, the languor of illneſs had ever ſomething peculiarly intereſting.---(*Aſide*) I wonder who this elegant creature is! her hand ſeems to tremble ſtrangely.

Cec. Oh, madam!---

M. Mor. Silence and recollection alone, can ſecure you from ſuſpicion;---I confeſs, I relied on his abſence.

Re-enter the Governor.

Gov. He *won't* return, hey?---od! I like the old Cambrian the better for it:---I have fired his Welch blood finely.---Why, what a blockhead was I, not to

go after him myſelf!---methinks, I ſhould like to know miſs, when I meet her in her *coach* too,--um---did he not tell me ſomething of tracing the ſeducer into this houſe! (*ſtands in amazement a moment, then whiſtles*) *Woodville's* miſtreſs, by every thing contrary! od, I ſhall ſeize the gypſy with redoubled ſatisfaction! but I muſt keep my own counſel, or my old beau of a brother will roaſt me to death on my ſyſtem of education.---Hey! who has he got there? (Cecilia *riſes*) a pretty laſs, faith!--- ah, *there* is the very thing I admire!---there is gentility, without the fantaſtical flouriſhes of faſhion!---juſt the very air I hoped my minx would have had. (*Lord* Glenmore, *having led off* Cecilia, *returns*).

L. Glen. I don't know how, but my inclination to this buſineſs is over. I think I'll let the matter alone at preſent.

Gov. The devil you will;---why, by to-morrow, Woodville may have married her.

L. Glen. D' ye think ſo?---well, then let's go.

Gov. And, what d'ye mean to do with her, pray?

L. Glen. (*aſide*) I won't truſt this weathercock 'till all is ſafe.---I care not what becomes of her, ſo ſhe is out of my way;---ſend her to bridewell, perhaps!

Gov. To Bridewell, truly?---no, that you ſhan't neither; Bridewell, quotha!---why, who knows but the fault may be all that young Rakehell your ſon's?

L. Glen. My ſon's, ſir! let me tell you, I have not bred him in ſuch a manner,

Gov.

Gov. Oh, if *breeding* were any ſecurity-----zounds, I ſhall betray all by another word! (*aſide*)

L. Glen. What *now* can have changed you?---but you are more inconſtant than our climate.---Did you ever know one minute what you ſhou'd think the next? however, to ſatisfy your ſcruples, I intend to diſpatch her to a nunnery: and, if that don't pleaſe you, e'en take charge of her yourſelf. [*Exeunt together.*

Vane *comes forward.*

Vane. Ha, ha, ha; why, this would make a comedy!---and ſo, of all birds in the air, his dignified Lordſhip has pitched on me for the huſband of the Governor's daughter and his own niece!---well, if I can but go thro' with this, it will be admirable!---thank'd by one for making my fortune, and ſafe from the anger of all.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mr. Woodville, Sir, is juſt gone into the houſe you bad me watch. [*Exit.*

Vane. The devil he is!---why then I muſt conſign my intended to him for one more night, and perſuade my Lord to delay our ſeizure 'till morning;---for, to meet with him would certainly produce an agreement of all parties, and a marriage which would never enroll my name in the family-pedigree, or governor's will. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Cecilia's *Dreſſing-room.*

Candles burning, and her Clothes ſcatter'd.

Enter Woodville.

Thanks to that dear lawyer's lucky abſence, I have a few happy hours, my love, to ſpend with thee—— [*looks at her clothes*] already retired? ſure I have not left my key in the garden gate.---No, here it is [*rings the bell and takes off his ſword, then throws himſelf into a chair.*] Nobody anſwer----I don't underſtand this. ---Perhaps I ſhall diſturb her,---I'll ſteal into her chamber---[*goes off and preſently returns diſordered*] not there!---her clothes too, the ſame ſhe had on laſt! ---oh, my heart miſgives me!---but where are all the ſervants? [*rings very violently, calling at the ſame time,* Bridget! Robert! Jacob!]

Enter Bridget, *with her hat on.*

——Bridget! what's become of your Lady?

Brid. Really, Sir, I can't ſay;——don't you know?

Wood. If I did I ſhou'd n't have aſk'd you.

Brid. (*After a little pauſe*) Why, ſure, Sir, my Lady has not run away? and yet ſomething runs in my head, as if ſhe had.---I thought that ſpark came for no good to-day.

Wood. What ſpark, girl?

Brid. Why, juſt after you went away, comes a young man, a monſtrous genteel one and very handſome

ſome too, I muſt needs ſay; with fine dark eyes and a freſh colour.

Wood. Damn his colour! tell me his buſineſs.

Brid. So he axed for my Lady, and would not tell *me* what he wanted: I came with her, however, but ſhe no ſooner ſet eyes on him than ſhe ſent me out; which argufi'd no good, you'll ſay; and, before I could poſſibly come back, though I ran as faſt as ever my legs could carry me, he was gone, and ſhe writing and crying for dear life;---but that was no news, ſo I did not mind it: and when ſhe gave me leave to go to the play, thought no more harm than the child unborn.

Wood. It muſt be a ſcheme beyond all doubt, and I am the dupe of a diſſembling, ungrateful-----oh Cecilia! (*throws himſelf in a chair*).

Brid. (*Softening her voice and ſetting her dreſs*) If I was as you, Sir, I would not fret about her:---there is not a lady in the land would ſlight a gentleman ſo handſome and ſweet temper'd---I ſcorns to flatter, for my part.---Inferials muſt'nt direct their betters: but, had I been in my Lady's place, a King upon his throne would not have tempted me.---Handſome him that handſome does, ſay I; and I am ſure you did handſome by her; for, if ſhe could have eat gold, ſhe might have had it.---He might take ſome notice truly.

[*Aſide.*

Wood. (*Starting up*) Where was ſhe writing?

Brid. In the little drawing-room, Sir.

Exit Woodville.

Bridget

Bridget *alone.*

This ridiculous love turns peoples brains, I think. ---I am ſure I ſaid enough to open his eyes:---but, may be, I don't look ſo handſome, becauſe I am not ſo fine.---Hey,---a thought ſtrikes me! my Lady is gone, that's plain.---Back ſhe will not come, is as plain. (*Gathers together* Cecilia's *elegant clothes.*) I'll put on theſe, and he'll think ſhe gave 'em to me:--- then he may find out, I am as pretty as ſhe: if not--- he and I are of very different opinions. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Woodville, *more diſorder'd.*

Wood. Cruel, ungrateful, barbarous girl!---to forſake me in the very moment I was reſolving to ſacrifice ev'ry thing to her!---but 'tis juſt.---Firſt dupes to the arts of man, the pupil ſoon knows how to foil him at his own weapons. Perhaps the diſcov'ry is fortunate. In a ſhort time, I muſt have borne the whole diſgrace of her ill conduct, and my father's reſentment had the bittereſt aggravation.---But is ſhe indeed gone? and will continual to-morrows come, without one hope to render them welcome?

Enter Jacob.

Wood. Villain! where's your Lady?
Jac. 'Las a deazy, how can I tell, zur?
Wood. Where are all your fellows?
Jac. Abroad, making halliday.

Wood.

Wood. When did you go out? who gave you ave?

Jac. My Leady, her own zelf; and I'll tell you how 'tware.---After dinner I geed her a noate; and, when zhe had red un, zhe axed me if zo be as how I had ever zeed the lions? zoa I told her noa; nor no mour I never did.---Zoa zhe geed me half a crown, and bid me goa and make myſelf happy. I thought it ware deſperate koind of her; zoa I went and zeed the huge creturs; and ater, only ſtop'd a bit to peap at the moniment, and hay my fortin tould by Conj'rer in the Old Bailey; and aw zaid---

Wood. What the devil does it ſignify to me what he ſaid?---Hark'e, ſir, I ſee in your face you know more of your miſtreſs?

Jac. Dang it, then my feace do lye hugely!

Wood. Tell me the whole truth villain! or I'll ſtab you to the heart this inſtant. (*Draws his ſword*)

Jac. (*kneels*) I wull, zur, indead I wull: doan't ye terrify me zo! I do forget ev'ry thing in the whole world.

Wood. Be ſincere, and depend upon my rewarding you.

Jac. Why, I wiſh I meay die this maument, if conj'rer did not zey I ſhould loſe my pleace! nay, aw do verily think aw zaid zomething o'my being put in fear o' my loife. Loard knaws, I little thought how zoon his words would come to paſs.

Wood. Will you dally?

Jac. Zoa, as I zaid, zur, when I com'd huome again, I found all the duors aupen, and not a zoul to be zeed,

Wood

Wood. (*aſide* This fellow can never mean to impoſe on me, and I muſt think it a plann'd affair.---While I was in the country, Jacob, did your miſtreſs ſee much company?

Jac. Cuompany;--noa, not to ſpeak of,---not gentlewomen.

Wood. Gentlewomen! blockhead! why had ſhe any male viſitors?

Jac. Anan!

Wood. I muſt brain thee at laſt, booby! Did any *men* come to ſee her then?

Jac. Oh yes, zur, yes---two gentlemen com'd almoſt ev'ry deay.

Wood. How, *two* gentlemen? I ſhall run diſtracted! Young, and handſome?

Jac. Not auver young, zur, nor auver handſome; but dreſt mortal foine.

Wood. So they came almoſt ev'ry day?--very pretty indeed, Miſs Cecilia!---was you never call'd up while they ſtaid?---did they come together or alone?

Jac. Aloane.

Wood. I thought as much; yes, I thought as much. But was you never call'd up, Jacob?

Jac. Yes, zur, when one aw um ware here one deay, I ware caal'd up for zomething or other.

Wood. Well? why don't you go on? I am on the rack!

Jac. Don't ye look ſo mortal angry then?

Wood. Well, well, I won't, my good fellow!—— there's money for thy honeſty.

Jac. Well;---there aw ware---

Wood. Speak out freely, you can tell me nothing

worſe than I imagine; you won't ſhock me in the leaſt; not at all.

Jac. Well; there aw ware pleaying on that there muſic-thing like a coffin, and madam ware a zinging to un like any black-bird.

Wood. A muſic-maſter---Is that all, booby? (*puſhes him down.*)

Jac. Yes; but t'other, zur---

Wood. Aye, I had forgot;---what of him, good Jacob? what of him?

Jac. I ware never caall'd up while aw ſteay'd; zo (I can't but zeay, I had a curoſity to knaw what brought he here) one deay I peap'd thro' the keay-hole, and zeed un---(*titters*)---I ſhall never forget.

Wood. Tell me what this inſtant, or I ſhall burſt with rage and ſuſpenſe.

Jac. Screaping on a little viddle, no bigger than my hand; while madam ware a huolding out her quoats, and dancing all round the room zoa---(*mimicks the minuet aukwardly.*)

Wood. Why, I believe the impudent bumpkin dares to jeſt with my miſery! and yet I have no other avenue: for the reſt, I fear, are knaves, and he ſeems only a fool---and are theſe all that came, Jacob?

Jac. Noa, there were one moare, zur; a leetle mon in a black quoat,---but he only com'd now and tan.

Wood. A diſguiſe, no doubt? Yes, yes, they were artful enough.

Jac. And zoa, ater he had done wi' my Leady, aw did ſhut his ſelf up wi' Bridget; and zoa I axed

her all about un, and zhe zaid as how aw com'd to teach madam to turn themmin great round balls all blue, and red, and yellow, that do ſtand by the books, and learned ſhe to wroite.

Wood. Yes, yes, Mrs. Bridget was in all her ſecrets, I don't doubt. If that fellow in black comes here again, keep him, if you value your life, and ſend for me. I know not what to do or think, and muſt renew my ſearch, tho' hopeleſs of ſucceſs. [*Exit.*

Jacob *alone.*

Jac. Dang it! but he's in a deſperate teaking!---Rabbit me, but I ware muortally afeard aw un too, for aw flouriſh'd his zword as yeazy as I could a cudgel:---I do think conj'urer might as well ha tuold me madam would ha' run away, while aw ware about it, and then I moight ha' run away furſt. [*Exit.*

Enter Grey.

Grey. At length I have gained entrance into this houſe of ſhame, which now, alas! contains my darling Cecilia,---plung'd in vice, and loſt to every ſentiment, I ſpent ſo many anxious years in implanting. This does not ſeem to be the abode of pleaſure, nor have I met a ſingle being.

Wood,

Woodville *entering behind, ſees* Grey, *and drawing his ſword, flies at and ſeizes him.*

Wood. Ha! a man! and in black, as Jacob ſaid! Villain, this moment is your laſt.

Grey. (*turning ſuddenly upon him*) Yes, young ſeducer, add to the daughter's ruin the father's murder! Stab my heart, as you already have my happineſs.

Wood. Alas, was *this* her viſitor? I dare not ſpeak to him!

Grey. Emboſomed by affluence, exalted by title, peace ſtill ſhall be far from thy heart; for thou, with the worſt kind of avarice, haſt by ſpecious pretences wreſted from poverty its laſt dear poſſeſſion,---virtue.

Wood. Pierced to the ſoul, as I am by your reproaches, I dare appeal to Cecilia herſelf for a teſtimony of my contrition! How ſhall I convince you?

Grey. Hardly by a life of repentance. But I debaſe myſelf to exchange a word with you. Give me back my Cecilia!---Ruin'd as ſhe is, I yet would recover her:---give her back then to a father you firſt taught her to fear, and an habitation, too humble for any but the good to be happy in.

Wood. Alas, Sir! can you trifle with my miſery? do *you* give her back to the wretch who cannot ſurvive her loſs!---let me owe her hand to your bounty, tho' her heart to her own!---did you know what this elopement of her's has coſt me---

Grey. Oh, moſt accompliſh'd villain!---but think not to dupe *me* too.

Wood. Who but you can have robb'd me of her ſince morning?

Grey. Shallow artifice!

Wood. Hear me, Sir! and even believe me, when I ſolemnly ſwear I have deeply repented my crime, and offer'd her all the reparation in my power;---but, ſince then----

Grey. What ſince then?

Wood. Either by your means, or ſome other, ſhe has fled!

Grey. Impoſſible.

Wood. Tis too true, by heav'n!

Grey. Perhaps, while you are thus ingeniouſly deluding me, ſhe *indeed* flies---Study ſome other deception, while I examine the whole houſe, for nothing elſe can convince me. [*Exit.*

Woodville *alone.*

Surely this injur'd venerable man was ſent by heav'n to complete my misfortunes!---my paſſions ſubſide, but only into a vague horror and deſpondency, even more dreadful:---if with raſh hand ſhe has ſhorten'd her days, what remain of mine will be, indeed, all her father predicts! (*walking by the toilette*) ha, a letter!

Re-enter Grey.

Grey. A total lonelineſs in the houſe!

Wood. Now, ſir, be convinc'd;---I have juſt found a letter from her.

Grey.

Grey. This cannot be the invention of a moment: ----let me read it---it is, indeed, her hand. (*Opens and reads it*)

" Receive this as my laſt farewell.——Providence " has unexpectedly ſent me a friend, whoſe protection " I dare accept; and time may perhaps ſubdue a paſſion, " which ſeems interwoven with my being.——Forget " me, I intreat; and ſeek that happineſs with another, " I can never hope to beſtow or partake.——Conſoled " only by reflecting, that the grief, my error occaſions, " is inferior to that I ſhould have felt, had I, by an " ungenerous uſe of my power, made you, in turn, " my victim.——Once more, adieu!——all ſearch " will certainly be fruitleſs."

P. S. " In the cabinet you will find your valu- " able preſents; and the key is in a dreſſing- " box."

(Woodville *ſnatches the letter and burſts into tears*)

Grey. Cecilia! I may ſay, with tears of joy, thou art, indeed, *my* daughter! more dear (if poſſible) than ever! a daughter monarchs might contend for, though thy weak father abjures thee!——may the friend you have found have a heart but like your own! for you, young man!—but I leave you to your anguiſh; the loſs of *ſuch* a woman is a ſufficient puniſhment.

Wood. Stay, ſir! (*riſes*) by your holy profeſſion, I conjure you, ſtay!---plunge me not into total deſpair! ---though without a clue to her aſylum, I would fain believe my heart will lead me to it; and let me then hope you will beſtow her on me?

Grey.

Gray. There is a ſomething in your manner, young gentleman, that affects me;----I have been young, wild, and extravagant myſelf; and what is more ſtrange, have not forgot I was ſo: my own experience proves reformation poſſible: act up to her and atone your error.

Wood. I will endeavour it, ſir! and, oh could thoſe who yet but waver, know what has paſſed in my heart, during the laſt hour, who would dare to deviate? [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, Cecilia's *Houſe.*

Bridget *dreſſed in* Cecilia's *Clothes, mixed with every thing vulgar and tawdry.*

Brid. SO,---I am ready againſt our gentleman comes.---Deuce on him to run away laſt night, the moment I was dreſt---and with an inferial fellow too! ---Lard, how can people of quality demean themſelves by keeping company with inferials!---however, one thing I am ſure of, he's too much on the fidgets to ſtay long away from our houſe; and in the mean while, I can entertain myſelf extremely well. (*Sits down to the toilette*)

Jac. (*Without*) I tell ye, my leady's not at huome.

Gov. I tell *you*, I won't take your word for it;---ſo come, my Lord, and ſee.

Brid. Heyday, my Lord!——what's the news now, I wonder?

Enter Lord Glenmore *and the* Governor; *both ſtop ſhort.*

Gov. Oh, I thought madam had learnt enough of the ton to lye by proxy.

Brid.

Brid. Dear heart!---I am all of a twitteration!---who can theſe be?---that's my Lord, for certain!

L. Glen. The vulgarity of the wench is aſtoniſhing!

Gov. ---Um---why, a little gawky, or ſo,----there's no denying it.---(*aſide*) Here's a pretty diſcovery, now, after all my projects!---thank fortune, the ſecret is yet my own though.

L. Glen. (*Advancing to her*) I ought to beg your excuſe, madam, for ſo abrupt an intruſion; but the opportunity and ſo fair a temptation will, I flatter myſelf, be a ſufficient apology.

Brid. (*aſide*) He takes me for my lady, that's a ſure thing!---oh, this is charming!---you need not make no 'pology's, my Lord;---inferials never knows how to ſuſpect people of quality; but I underſtands good breeding better.

L. Glen. (*aſide*) Why, what a Barn-door Mawkin it is! your politeneſs, madam, can only be equalled by your beauty.

Brid. Dear heart, my Lord, you flatter me!——won't you pleaſe to ſit? (*waits affectedly 'till they conſent to ſeat themſelves*)

L. Glen. (*to the* Governor) Surely by uſing my title, ſhe knows me.

Gov. Zounds, I have a great mind to make her know *me*;---od, I ſhall never be able to contain.

L. Glen. I was afraid, madam, I ſhould prove an unwelcome gueſt;---but beauty like yours---

Brid. Does your Lordſhip think I ſo very handſome,

ſome then?---Lord, how lucky was my dreſſing myſelf!

L. Glen. (*Aſide*) Affected ideot! I was afraid, madam, too of meeting Woodville here---(*aſide*) I know not what to ſay to her.

Brid. He has not been here this morning; but, if he had, he knows better than to ax ater my company, I do aſſure you, my---Lordſhip.

L. Glen. I have been told he intends marrying you; what a pity to monopolize ſuch merit!

Brid. If he has any ſuch kind intention, 'tis more than I knows of, I aſſure you.

L. Glen. His keeping that wiſe reſolution from you, is ſome little comfort, however.

Brid. But, I promiſe ye, I ſhall make a rare perſon of quality; for I loves cards, coaches, dancing, and dreſs, to my very heart;---nothing in the world better---but blindman's-buff. I had ſome thoughts of taking a trip to Sadler's Wells or Fox Hall, but they don't begin 'till five o'clock.

Gov. (*Aſide*) Ha! ha! tho' ſhe can hardly ſpell out the Ten Commandments, ſhe could break every one with as much eaſe and impudence, as if ſhe had been bred in the circle of St. James's.

L. Glen. But, madam, you know, allowing Woodville willing to marry you, it is not in his power while his father lives, without forfeiting his fortune, the value of which you doubtleſs underſtand?

Brid. Oh yes, yes, for ſartain, my Lord.

L. Glen. Who knows too, how far an incenſed parent may carry his reſentment! he might find means to entrap and puniſh you.

Brid. Ha, ha, ha!---he entrap me!---that *would* be a good jeſt!---no, no, I have more of the lady of quality than to be ſo eaſily caught.

Gov. (*mimicking her*) He, he, he! that is the only particular in which you have nothing at all of the lady of quality.

L. Glen. With me you may ſhare a higher rank and larger fortune without thoſe fears---*I* am of an age---

Brid. Yes, one may ſee that without being a conjuror---why, will you marry me, my Lord?

L. Glen. Convince me that you don't love this Woodville, and I know not how far my paſſion may carry me.

Brid. Love him? do you think I knows no more of high life than that comes to? To be ſure, he is a ſweet pretty man, and all that;---but, as to love, I loves nobody half ſo well as myſelf.

L. Glen. Upon my ſoul, I believe you; and wiſh he had the whole benefit of the declaration: [*To the Governor*] her ingratitude is as ſhocking as her ignorance, and Bridewell too gentle a puniſhment.

Gov. Then build a bridewell large enough to contain the whole ſex; for the only difference between her and the reſt is,---this Country Mawkin *tells* what the Town-bred Miſſes *conceal.*

L. Glen. Why, Governor, you are as teſty as if you had the care of *her* education.

Gov. I the care?---zounds, what I ſay is merely from friendſhip to your Lordſhip.---I hate to ſee you deceive yourſelf.---(*aſide*) Surely he can never ſuſpect! [Bridget *is employed in cramming trinkets from the dreſſing-table into her pockets.*)

Brid. Now I am ready to go, my Lord.

L. Glen. Reflect, madam! it would hurt me to have you ſay I deceiv'd you---if you ſhould repent---I am much afraid you will.

Brid. What, when I am a lady? Oh, I'll venture that, and attend you.

Gov. (*roughly ſnatching her other hand*) To where you little dream of, you vain, affected, preſuming, *ignorant* baggage!

Brid. Hey-day!---my Lord?

L. Glen. Appeal not to me, baſe woman!---know I am the father of that poor Dupe, Woodville.

Brid. Dear heart! be ye indeed? What will become of me then?

L. Glen. And, as a moderate puniſhment for your hypocriſy, ambition, and ingratitude, ſentence you to be ſhut up for life in a monaſtery.

Brid. O Lord! among monſters?

Gov. No, Ignoramus!---no; among nuns: tho' *they* are but monſters in human nature either.

Brid. What, where they'll cut off my hair, and make me wear ſackcloth next to my ſkin?

Gov. Yes, if they leave you any ſkin at all.

Brid. Oh dear, dear, dear! (*ſobs and groans*) upon my bended knees, I do beg you won't ſend me there! ---why I ſhall go mallancholly-- I ſhall make away with myſelf for certain; and my ghoſt will appear to you all in white.

Gov. All in black, I rather think; for the devil a ſpeck of white is there in your whole compoſition.

L. Glen. Your conduct, wretch! juſtifies a ſeverer ſentence--- to ſeduce him from his duty, was crime enough.

Brid. Who, I ſeduce him? I did not, my Lord---indeed I did not.

L. Glen. Have you not own'd---

Brid. No, indeed, no; that I wiſh'd to take my Lady's place, I believe I did own:---

Gov. Ha, ha, ha! very prettily devis'd, faith, for a young beginner!---come, come, (*chucking her under the chin*) we muſt give you credit for this, Miſs---*your Lady?* ha, ha,---ha!

L. Glen. Shallow ſubterfuge!

Enter Vane *and the ſlaves.*

Vane, is all ready?---ſeize this woman, and obſerve my orders!

Brid. Ah dear heart! I ſhall die away if the blacks do but touch me---indeed you do miſtake!---I be no lady---I be only Bridget.

Gov. I would give ten thouſand pounds that you *were* only Bridget, you artful puſs!---Zounds, tho' I could one moment ſtrangle the pug's face in her own necklace, yet the next I can hardly prevail on myſelf to puniſh her---what the devil had I *now* to do in England? or what the devil had I *ever* to do in Wales?---Phew! I could dethrone fifty Nabobs without half the fatigue and anxiety of this moment.---Take her away, however! and let us try how Miſs likes riding out in her *own coach.*

[Vane *and the Slaves ſeize her*; *ſhe ſcreams out and catches* Lord Glenmore's *coat, falling on her knees.*---Jacob *enters, her back to him.*

Jac.

Jac. Why, what a dickens be ye all at here?---Zoa, what's my Leady there?

L. Glen. See there now,---Oh the artful Jezebel!

Brid. Oh, Jacob! Why don't ye ſee I am Bridget?---Pray ſatisfy my Lord here.

Jac. Why, be ye Bridget?---Never truſt me elſe!

Gov. Here a fool of t'other ſex now, can hardly take a hint though ſo plainly given him!---Thanks to the natural difference, for art is nature in woman.---(*L. Glen. draws him aſide*)

Jac. Auh Bridget, Bridget! Where didſt thee get thee ſum foine claws?---Noa, noa, as theeſt brew'd, thee meayſt beake.

Brid. Oh, do ye take pity on me!---Why they be going to carry me to ſome outlandiſh place, and make a nunnery of me!

Jac. A nunnery? what's that? any thing Chriſtin? well, if I do ſpake to um, will ye hae me?

Brid. Oh, yes, yes, yes!

L. Glen. Brother! I ſhall leave you to the completion of this affair; I am ſick to the ſoul of the gawky---

Gov. Yes, yes; I don't doubt it,---I don't doubt it,

L. Glen. (*To Vane.*) Convey her to my houſe, and lock her up in one of the lofts over the ſtables;---go the backway, and even the family need know nothing of the matter. The Chaplain will provide a licence, and be ready---Courage, my lad, and depend upon my gratitude! [*Exit.*

Gov.

Gov. Will you take her, or no?---I ſhall never be able to ſtifle my agitation; and burſt with rage if I ſhew it.---

Jac. Why, zure, zure, ye won't carr' away our Bridget?

Vane. Ha, ha, ha!

Gov. Oh, ſhe *has* beat her meaning into thy thick ſcull at laſt?--Pr'ythee, keep thy block-*head* out of my way, if thou mean'ſt to keep it on thy own ſhoulders.

Jac. Why, be ye in arneſt then? dear heart alive! why this is couſin Bridget!

Brid. Only ſend for Mr. Woodville.

Gov. Prettily devis'd again! ha, ha, ha! doſt think, my little dear! we have lived three times as long as your Ladyſhip to learn a quarter as much?---Send for Mr. Woodville, hey?---No, no; you won't find us quite ſo ſimple.

Jac. Oh doan't ye, doan't ye, carr' off zhe, or if ye wull, do pray take I.

Vane. Yes, you would be a choice piece of lumber truly.

Gov. Drag her away this moment.

Brid. Oh dear, oh dear! to be hanged at laſt for another's crime is all that vexes me.

[*They carry her off*, Governor *follows*.

SCENE, *Miſs* Mortimer's *Apartment*.

Cecilia *enters, and ſits down to embroidery.*

How fond, how weak, how ungrateful, are our hearts!---mine ſtill will preſumptuouſly fancy this houſe its home, and ally itſelf to ev'ry one to whom Woodville is dear.

Lord

Lord Glenmore *enters.*

Cec. Oh heaven's, my Lord!---how unlucky!---if I go, he may find the Captain with Miſs Mortimer.

L. Glen. You ſee, madam, you have only to retire to engage us to purſue you, even to rudeneſs.---But, tell me, can it be your own choice to puniſh us ſo far as to prefer ſolitude to our ſociety?

Cec. I know myſelf too well, my Lord, to receive diſtinctions of which I am unworthy;---yet think not, therefore, I fail in reſpect.

L. Glen. But, is that charming boſom ſuſceptible of nothing beyond reſpect? why is it capable of inſpiring a paſſion it cannot participate?

Cec. Your goodneſs, my Lord---my profound veneration, will always attend you---but, the more generouſly you are inclined to forget what is due to yourſelf, the more ſtrongly it is impreſſed on my memory.

L. Glen. Were what you ſay true, the bounties of nature atone amply to you for the parſimony of fortune; nor would your want of every other advantage leſſen your merit, or my ſenſe of it.

Cec. (*aſide*) Had he thought thus a few months ſince, how happy had I now been!---Your approbation at once flatters and ſerves me, by juſtifying Miſs Mortimer's protection of me.

L. Glen. Her partiality for you, does her more honour than it can ever do you advantage. But, you muſt tell me, how ſhe gain'd firſt the happineſs of knowing you?

Cec.

Cec. My---my Lord, by a misfortune ſo touching---

L. Glen. Nay, I would not diſtreſs you neither; yet, I own, madam, I wiſh to make a propoſal worth a ſerious anſwer; but ought firſt to know, why you affect a myſtery? Tell me then, my dear, ev'ry incident of your life, and I will raiſe you to a title, I may without vanity ſay, many have aſpired to!

Cec. You oppreſs my very ſoul, my Lord! But, alas! unconquerable obſtacles deprive me for ever of that title. Neither *would* I obtain it by alienating ſuch a ſon from ſuch a father.

L. Glen. Put him entirely out of the queſtion; the meanneſs of his conduct acquits me to myſelf. Do you know, madam, he has reſolved to marry a creature of low birth, illiterate, vulgar, and impudent? and, to complete her perfections, ſhe has been *his* miſtreſs at leaſt.

Cec. Surely he knows, and purpoſely ſhocks me thus. (*Aſide.*)

L. Glen. But your integrity doesn't render you leſs amiable in my eyes; it greatly enhances every other merit. As to his wretch, I have her in my power, and ſhall make her dearly repent.

Cec. Then I am loſt indeed! (*aſide*) You have, my Lord; tho' I know not how, diſcovered.----(*Riſes in confuſion.*)

L. Glen. (*riſes, taking ſnuff, without looking at her*) Oh, nothing more eaſy, madam; I had him carefully traced to her houſe; and, during his abſence, took ſervants and forced her away.

Cec. (*aſide*) That, however, cannot be me; every word ſeems to add to a myſtery I dare not enquire into.

L. Glen.

L. Glen. But why waſte one precious moment on ſuch an animal? what are theſe unconquerable obſtacles?

Cec. Spare me, my Lord; your indulgence induces me to try again to ſoften your reſolutions reſpecting your ſon: deprived of the weak, the guilty, the miſerable wretch you juſtly condemn, a little time will (no doubt) incline him to his duty. I ſhould have your pardon to ſolicit, my Lord, but that your own openneſs authorizes mine.

L. Glen. But, can you, who ſo powerfully plead the cauſe of another, be deaf to the ſighs of a man who adores you? who offers you a rank---

Cec. Be ſatisfied, my Lord, with knowing I have all that eſteem your merit claims; which influences *me* beyond every caſual advantage.

L. Glen. But, madam---

Cec. Alas! my Lord!---*(burſts into tears aſide)*--- Be ſilent, if poſſible, both pride and virtue. I have deſerved, and will ſubmit to it---yet ſurely the bitterneſs of this moment expiates all paſt offences. [*Exit.*

L. Glen. Amiable creature! what an amazing elegance of mind and perſon! Tears were her only anſwers to my queſtions, and bluſhes to my looks: yet theſe only heighten a curioſity they have ſoftened into love. [*Exit.*

Woodville's *Apartment.*

Woodville *alone.*

Wood. No intelligence of my Cecilia yet!---were I only aſſured of her ſafety, it would be ſome conſolation.

Enter Jacob.

Jac. Zur, Zur !---I do maeke ſo bowld as to ax to ſpake to you.

Wood. Jacob! my honeſt fellow, the very ſight of thee revives my hopes, and ſets my heart in motion! ---well, what's the news?

Jac. Zurprizing news indeed, zur!---Loord, I thought I ſhould never meat wi'ye;---I com'd to your lodgings twice, and ye warn't up.

Wood. Up! 'ſdeath, you ignorant booby! why did'nt you order them to rouſe me that moment?

Jac. Loord, zur! why your gentleman (as they do caal un) were ſo terrable foine, I were afeard of affronting un!

Wood. Plague on the ſtupidity of both, ſay I!--- But what's all this to the purpoſe? the news? the news?

Jac. Las-a-deazy! mourtal bad news, indeed!---

Wood. You tedious blockhead! is your lady return'd?

Jac. Noa, Zur. (*Shaking his head very mournfully.*)

Wood. (*aſide*) The horrid forebodings of my heart recur; yet, ſurely ſhe could not be ſo deſperate!--- ſhocking as the ſuſpenſe is, I more dread the certainty. ---Speak, however, my good fellow! (*Jacob wipes his eyes*)---I ſhall ever value your ſenſibility.---Tell me then the ſimple truth, whatever it may be?---

Jac. I wull, Zur, I wull.---There has com'd two foine gentlemen, wi zwords by their zides, juſt for all the world like yourn.

Wood.

Wood. Well, and what did theſe gentlemen ſay?

Jac. Why, they went up ſtears, willy nilly, and carr'd off------ our Bridget. *(Burſts out a crying.)*

Wood. You impudent, ignorant clown! I'll give you cauſe for your tears. *(Shakes him.)*

Jac. Loord! Loord!---do ye ha a little Chriſtin commiſeration---well, if I ever do coume nigh ye again, I do wiſh ye may break every buone in my zkin.

Wood. (Walking about in a rage) To inſult me with your own paltry love affairs! theſe great and mighty gentlemen were only conſtables I dare ſwear, and your fears converted their ſtaves to ſwords.

Jac. Ay, but that an't the worſt neither. I do verily think my turn wull cuome next;---can't zleep in my bed for thinking on't, nor enjoy a meal's meat: ---zo, except you do bring your zword, and coume and live in our houze, I wull guo out on't, that's a zure thing; for I had rather ſceare craws at a graat a deay all my loife long, than bide there to be ſo terrified.

Wood. Sceare craws truly? why the craws will ſceare you, ye hen-hearted puppy!---there, teake that, *(gives him money)*, and guo hutome, or to the devil, ſo you never fall in my way again.

Jac. Zome faulk that I do knaw wull zee the black gentleman firſt, 'tis my belief---zoa I had beſt keep out o' his woiy too.

Enter Harcourt.

Har. Woodville, what's the matter? why you will raiſe the neighbourhood.

Jacob *returns.*

Jac. Here's a peaper houſemaid do zend you, wi' her humble duty; but, if zo be it do put ye in another deſperate teaking, I do huope ye wull zend for zhe to beat, and not I.---Loord! Loord! what wull becuome of me in this woide world of London!

[*Exit Jacob.*

Har. Ha! ha! ha! he is a choice fellow!

Wood. A heart oppreſſed with its own feelings, fears ev'ry thing. I have hardly courage to open a letter without an addreſs.

Har. Come, come, give it me then. Hey, what? confuſion!---was ever any thing ſo unlucky? (*attempts to tear it.*)

Wood. (*ſnatches it from him*) Ha! it is important then?

Har. Why will you invent torments for yourſelf? (*aſide*)---My own letter by ev'ry thing careleſs---here's a ſtroke----

Wood. (*reads in a broken voice and manner*) "Wood-"ville on the brink of marriage---you will be diſen-"gaged---a nobleman---(damnation!)---heart and "fortune at her feet"---(I'll let his ſoul out there) hell and furies!---but I will find him, if money ---never will I cloſe my eyes till---Oh Cecilia---(*throws himſelf into a ſeat.*)

Har. This is the moſt unforeſeen---I know not what to ſay to him---prythee, Woodville! do not ſacrifice ſo many reaſonable preſumptions in her favour, to a paper that may be a forgery, for aught you know!

Wood.

Wood. Oh Charles! that I could think ſo!---but I have ſeen the villain's execrable hand ſomewhere! Did you never ſee the hand?

Har. Um---I can't but own I have,---what the devil ſhall I ſay to him---(*Aſide.*)

Enter the Governor.

Gov. Woodville, my dear boy! I am come to have a little talk with thee.---Charles! don't run away!---you are in all your couſin's ſecrets.

Wood. What ſhould poſſeſs this tireſome mortal to come here?---I ſhould have waited on *you*, in half an hour, Sir.

Gov. Ay, and that's what I wanted to avoid:--- The more I talk to your father, Frank, the more I find him fixed on the match with his Miſs Mortimer! Nay, he tells me, he will have you married this very day.

Wood. That's mighty probable in the humour I am in.

Gov. Ah, Frank! the girl I offer thee---

Wood. Is no more agreeable to me than her you deſpiſe.

Gov. How do you know that, peppercorn?---how do you know that?---od, I could tell you---

Wood. And, to tell you my full mind, Sir, I had rather make myſelf miſerable to gratify my father, than any other man.

Gov. Od! thou art ſo obſtinate, boy, I can't help loving thee.---(*Aſide*) I don't ſee why I am obliged

to

to know his Miſs is my daughter—I have a great mind to own what we have done with her; and, if he will marry, e'en take care nobody hinders him! then, trump up a farce about forgiving them;—and yet, it goes againſt my conſcience to puniſh the puppy for life, though he has puniſhed me pretty ſufficiently, by the Lord Harry.

Har. I don't like this affair at all, and tremble for my Sophia, when I ſee this odd ſoul ſo inveterate againſt her.

Gov. (*to Woodville*) Well, my lad! do you know I am as deep in all your ſecrets as your favourite valet de chambre?

Wood. I don't underſtand you, Sir.

Gov. Pho, pho, pho! keep that face till I ſhew thee one as ſolemn as my Lord's. Why ſhould not you pleaſe yourſelf, and marry *your* Miſs, inſtead of your father's?

Both. Aſtoniſhing!

Gov. Od, if you turn out the honeſt fellow I take you for, I know a pretty round ſum, an onion and a black coat may one day or other entitle you to; ſo never mind Lord Gravity's reſentment.

Wood. I act from better motives, Sir, and were unworthy your wealth could it tempt me to diſobey the beſt of fathers.

Gov. (*paſſionately*) Why then, marry Miſs Mortimer, and oblige him: take a back ſeat in your own coach, get a family of pale-faced brats, born with oſtrich feathers on their heads; and hate away a long life with all due decorum!——Zounds, here's a fellow more

more whimſical than---even myſelf.---Yeſterday you would have the puſs ſpite of every body; but, you no ſooner find it in your power to oblige your beſt friend, by humouring your inclinations, than, lo! you are taken with a moſt violent fit of duty and ſubmiſſion!---Od, you don't know what you have loſt by it!---but, ſince you are bent on croſſing me, I'll croſs you, and once for all too---My ſecret ſhall henceforth be as impenetrable as the philoſopher's ſtone.---Ay, ſtare as you pleaſe, I'll give you more years than you have yet ſeen days to gueſs it in. [*Exit.*

Har. What this uncle of ours can mean is quite beyond my gueſs!

Wood. What ſignifies ſeeking to expound by reaſon, actions in which it had no ſhare?---his brain is indubitably touched! but Cecilia lies heavy on my heart, and excludes ev'ry other thought.

Har. Time may explain the ſecret of that letter, which, I will lay my life, ſhe deſpiſes:---a woman who did not, would have kept it from your hands.

Wood. That's true, indeed!--- if I wrong her, and this was but an inſult,---there is a noble ſincerity in her own letter which ſets ſuſpicion at defiance.---If he ſtumbled on one word of truth during this viſit, the criſis of my fate approaches.---Oh, wherever thou art, if the exalted being I will ſtill hope my Cecilia, thou ſhalt know I have at leaſt deſerv'd thee! [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *A mean Room; Boots, Bridles, &c. hanging all round.*

Bridget *ſitting very mournfully, her fine Clothes in great Diſorder;---a Table by her, with a ſmall Roll, a Glaſs of Water, an old dog's-ear'd Book, and a Bit of Looking-glaſs.*

Brid. DEAR heart! dear heart! what a miſerable time have I paſs'd! and, where I be to paſs my whole life, my Lord here only knows!---I have not much ſtomach indeed; neither have I much breakfaſt. (*Eats a bit of bread and burſts into tears.*)

Enter the Governor.

Gov. Had I more ſins to anſwer for than a college of Jeſuits, I ſurely expiate them all, by going through a purgatory in this life beyond what they have invented for the other.---This vulgar Maux of mine haunts my imagination, in every ſhape but that I hoped to ſee her in; I dare hardly truſt myſelf to ſpeak to her! ---od, I would not have the extirpation of the whole female ſex depend upon my caſting-vote while I am in this humour.

Brid. Mercy on me! here's that croſs old gentleman again! what will become of me?---do, pray, ſtrange ſir! be ſo generous as to tell me what is next to be done with me?

Gov. Why, juſt whatever I pleaſe, you audacious baggage!---(*Aſide*) od, now I think on't, I have a great mind to try a few ſoft words, and dive into all the ſecrets of the little ignoramus.---Come, ſuppoſe I had a mind to grant you your freedom, how would you requite me?

Brid. Dear heart! why I'd love you for ever and ever.

Gov. 'dzounds, that's a favor I could very readily diſpenſe with;---and yet 'tis natural to the poor wench:---Ah! if thou had'ſt been a good girl, thou had'ſt been a happy one.--Hark'ye, miſs! confeſs all your ſins, that's the only way to eſcape, I promiſe you! and, if you conceal the leaſt, I'll--------do, I don't know what I'll do to you.

Brid. I will; I will, ſir, indeed, as I hope to be married.

Gov. Married, you ſlut! bad as that is, it's too good for you:---come, tell me all your adventurers? ---deſcribe the behaviour of the young villain who ſeduced you;---where did you ſee him firſt?

Brid. Ugh, ugh,---At church, ſir.

Gov. At church, quotha?---a pretty place to commence an intrigue in!---and how long was it before you came to this admirable agreement?

Brid. Umh?---why--Sunday was Midſummer-eve, ---and Sunday ater was madam's wedding-day,---and Monday was our fair, and---

Gov. Oh, curſe your long hiſtories!---and, what then ſaid Woodville?

Brid. Oh Lord, nothing at all---why, it warn't he.---

Gov. No!---*(ready to burſt with paſſion)* Who, who, who? tell me that, and quite diſtract me!

Brid. Timothy Hobbs, Squire's gardener.

Gov. an abſolute clown--- *(walks about half groaning with rage and diſappointment)* who, oh! who would be a father?--I could laugh,---cry,---die,---with ſhame and anger!---ſince the man, who corrupted, left her only one virtue, would he had deprived her of that too!---oh, that ſhe had but ſkill enough to lye well!

Brid. Whether I can or no, I'll never ſpeak truth again, that's a ſure thing!---what do I get by it, or any poor ſouls of the female kind?

Gov. I am incapable of thinking;---ev'ry plan, ev'ry reſource thus overturn'd;---I muſt be wiſer than all the world?---This fool's head of mine muſt take to teaching truly! as if I could eradicate the ſtamp of nature, or regulate the ſenſes, by any thing but reaſon---don't pipe, baggage! to me;---you all can do that, when too late:---when I have conſidered whether I ſhall hang myſelf or not, I'll let you know whether I ſhall tuck you up along with me, you little wretch, you! *Exit.*

Bridget *alone.*

Brid. Well, ſure I have at laſt gueſs'd where I am ſhut up!---it muſt be Bedlam; for the old gentleman is out of his mind, that's a ſure thing! *Enter*

Enter Vane.

Van. Ha, ha, ha! my future father-in-law ſeems to have got a quietus of my intended; and, faith, ſo wou'd any man who was not in love with a certain forty thouſand;---to be ſure, in plain Engliſh, ſhe is a glorious mawkin!---*(to her)*---well, madam, how are you pleas'd with your preſent mode of living?

Brid. Living, do you call it?---I think, 'tis only ſtarving.---Why, I ſhall eat my way through the walls very ſhortly.

Van. Faith, Miſs, they uſe you but ſo ſo, that's the truth on't; and I muſt repeat, even to your face, what I ſaid to my Lord, that your youth, beauty and accompliſhments, deſerve a better fate.

Brid. Dear heart! Bedlam, did I ſay, I was in! why, I never knew a more ſenſibler, genteeler prettier ſort of a man in my life. *(aſide)*---I am ſure, Sir, if I was to ſtudy ſeven years, I ſhou'd never know what I have done to diſcommode them, not I.

Van. Oh Lard, my dear! only what is done ev'ry day by half your ſex without puniſhment---however, you are to ſuffer for all, it ſeems?---you ſee your fare for life!--- a dungeon, coarſe rags, and the ſame handſome allowance of bread and water twice a day.

Brid. Oh, dear me!---why I ſhall be an otomy in a week!

Van. And an old black to guard you, more ſulky and hideous, than thoſe in the Arabian Night's Entertainments.

Brid. Why, ſure they will let you come and ſee me, Sir? I ſhall certainly ſwound away, every time I look at that naſty old black.

Van. This is the laſt time your dungeon (which your preſence renders a palace to me) will ever be open to one viſitor—unleſs---unleſs---I cou'd contrive---but no, it would be my ruin: yet who woud'nt venture ſomething for ſuch a charming creature? you could endear even ruin.---Tell me, then, what reward you would beſtow on a man who ventur'd all to give you freedom?

Brid. Nay, I don't know; you're ſuch a dear ſweet ſoul, I ſhan't ſtand with you for a trifle.

Van. Ahey! Miſs will be as much too complying in a minute.---Well, then, my dear! I muſt marry you, or you will ſtill be in the power of your enemies.

Brid. Hey?---what? do I hear rightly? marry me? ---(*aſide*)---why, this will be the luckieſt day's work I ever did!---nay, Sir, if you ſhould be ſo generous, I hope I ſhall live to make you amends!

Van. (*aſide*) The only amends you can make me, is by dying---and now, my dear! I will own to you, I have the licenſe in my pocket; and my Lord, as eager as myſelf.---Our chaplain will do us the favour with more expedition than he ſays grace before meat!---Well done, Vane! egad, thy lucky ſtar predominates! ---(*Aſide---takes her arm*)

Brid. Surely my locking up does end very comical. [*Exeunt arm in arm.*

SCENE,

SCENE,---*The drawing room.*

Miſs Mortimer *and Captain* Harcourt.

M. Mor. Woodville is now with his father, and both in the deciſive mood.---Oh, Charles! as the moment approaches nearer, your influence becomes inſenſibly leſs powerful:---the frantic fits of the Governor; the ſolemn abſurdity of my Lord---but, above all, the behaviour of Woodville, hurts and alarms me!---ſtill cautious not to offend his father, he has tried ev'ry way to extort the refuſal from me; but, by a pardonable equivocation, I left him hopeleſs, and aſſured him I ſhould, to the utmoſt of my power, obey my benefactor.---Why, why did you marry one, who could give you nothing but her heart?

Har. I ſhall not anſwer, till you can name me an equivalent---truſt to my management, my dear Sophia.---I ſtill flatter myſelf, one ſtorm will ſettle the tenor of our lives---if not; while acquitted to Heav'n, the world, and ourſelves, we may ſtruggle with ſpirit againſt fortune; and ſometimes owe our deareſt enjoyments to her fluctuations.

M. Mor. By ſentiments like theſe you won my very ſoul; and to retain for ever a heart ſo invaluable, I have ventur'd the diſpleaſure of my benefactor: but our hearts will not always follow the lead of our reaſon, nor, when I conſider the cauſe, can I repent the deviation of mine,

Har.

Har. Think, if you pity yourſelf, what you can give to Cecilia; and fortify her mind againſt too ſtrong a ſenſe of her frailty. For my part, I muſt watch whatever is going on.

M. Mor. So you leave me out of the plot?---well, if it ends happily, I ſhall be contented; and, like the world, meaſuring your merit by your ſucceſs, will declare you a moſt inimitable ſchemer.---Adieu!

Har. Nay, ſtay a moment!

M. Mor. Not for the world; for here comes your uncle, with a face more petrifying than Meduſa's. [*Exit.*

Enter the Governor, *muſing.*

Gov. I have lived fifty eight years, five months, and certain odd days, to find out I am a fool at laſt; but I will live as many more, before I add the diſcovery that I am a knave too.

Har. What the devil can he be now hatching? ---miſchief, I fear?

Gov. Dear fortune! let me eſcape this once undiſcover'd, and I compound for all the reſt.---Charles! the news of the houſe? for the politics of this family are employment for ev'ry individual in it.

Har. Bella, horrida bella, Sir!---my Lord is determined to bring his ſon's duty to an immediate teſt,---(*aſide*) thanks to his friend's ſchemes and his miſtreſs's beauty.

Gov. What poor malicious wretches are we by nature!----Zounds, if I could not find in my heart to rejoice

rejoice at thinking every one here will be as mortified and diſappointed as a certain perſon that ſhall be nameleſs.---So, ſo; here they come, faith, to argue the point in open court.

Enter Lord Glenmore *followed by* Woodville.

L. Glen. Without this proof of your obedience, all you can urge, Sir, is ineffectual.

Wood. While obedience was poſſible, I never ſwerv'd, my Lord; but, when you command me to make myſelf wretched, a ſuperior duty cancels that:—already bound by a voluntary, an everlaſting vow, I cannot break it without offending heav'n, nor keep it without offending you.

Gov. (*aſide*) What's this? chop'd about again!

Wood. Did you once know the incomparable merits of my love, even your Lordſhip's prejudices muſt give way to your reaſon.

L. Glen. Mere dotage.---Doesn't her conduct equally evince her folly and depravity?

Wood. Cover'd as I ought to be, with confuſion and remorſe; I will own ſhe was ſeduced and deceiv'd.

Gov. (*aſide*) Ah, poor boy!---*one* of the two was woefully deceiv'd ſure enough.

L. Glen. Oh, your conſcience may be very eaſy on that account; it could not require much art to deceive ſuch an ideot.

Gov. No, no, my Lord; why paint the devil blacker than he is? not an ideot neither.

Wood.

Wood. Sir, my father's freedom of ſpeech I muſt endure;—but yours---

Gov. You muſt endure too, young Sir, or I ſhall bite my tongue off.

Wood. But, my Lord! that dear unhappy girl is no longer a ſubject of debate,---ſhe evidently proves her merit by her flight.

L. Glen. Would you make a virtue from not doing ill, when it is no longer in your power?---Woodville! I was once weak enough to believe indulgence the ſureſt way of obtaining your duty and eſteem.---My eyes are at laſt opened,---Miſs Mortimer is worthy a better huſband; but you are her's or no ſon of mine.---I ſolemnly promiſed this to her dying father, and will acquit myſelf at all events.

Wood. Can you reſolve to ſacrifice me to a promiſe made before we could judge of each other?---You never felt, Sir, the compulſion you practice;---will you diſſolve the firſt band of morality, and ſee your highly-eſtimated title end in me? for never will I on theſe terms continue it.

L. Glen. I almoſt wiſh *I* never had continued it.--(*Walks in anger.*) I am determined, Woodville! and nothing but Miſs Mortimer's refuſal can break the match.

Wood. I ſhall not put that in her power, my Lord: Permit me to tell you, no ſon was ever more ſenſible of a father's kindneſs: but, if I can purchaſe its continuance only with my honour and my happineſs, it would be too dearly bought.

L. Glen. 'Tis well, ſir.——I have liſtened to you ſufficiently. Now hear ME. Know, this worthleſs wretch, you prefer to your duty, is in my power; nay, in this houſe.

Har. (*aſide*) The devil ſhe is! how in the name of ill-luck ſhould he find that out?---my fine ſcheme entirely blown up, by Jupiter!

Wood. Why play thus upon me, my Lord?---her letter---

L. Glen. What, has ſhe wrote to you?---that I was not aware of, nor indeed ſuſpected ſhe could write.

Gov. No, not ſo ignorant as that neither. I order'd ſhe ſhould write too!

L. Glen. *You* order'd ſhe ſhould write?---let me tell you, ſir, it was wronging my confidence!

Gov. No, I did *not* order ſhe ſhould write;---I mean,---I mean,---zounds! I don't know what I mean!

Wood. So it ſeems, indeed, ſince hardly half an hour ago my uncle himſelf perſuaded me to marry my love.

Gov. Here's a curſed affair now.

L. Glen. Can this be poſſible? Let me tell you, Governor, if preſuming upon your wealth, you play a double part in my family---

Gov. Zounds! nobody knows his *own* part in your family, that I ſee! and this fellow, too, to teize me, whom I lov'd above all in it. Why, I ſpoke entirely from regard to him. If, ſince then I have diſcovered

a bumpkin was beforehand with him in the poſſeſſion of his miſs---

Wood. If any one, beſide yourſelf, ſir, durſt tell ſuch a falſehood, it would coſt a life.

Gov. Yes; and, if any one beſide myſelf durſt tell me ſuch a truth, it would coſt a ſoul perhaps.

[*Exit.*

Har. This is more unintelligible than all the reſt.

L. Glen. To end theſe altercations;---upon yourſelf, Woodville, ſhall depend the fortune of this wretch, to whom you have been ſo groſs a dupe as to juſtify the imputation of folly. Why, even without knowing me, ſhe ridiculed your paſſion, and offered to leave you.

Wood. Impoſſible!

L. Glen. Dare you diſbelieve me, ſir?---nay, ſhe ſhall be produced, and obliged to confeſs her arts;---then bluſh and obey! Here, Vane! Governor, the keys! [*Exit.*

(Woodville *walks behind in great agitation.*

Har. Now could I find in my heart to make this ſtory into a ballad, as a warning to all meddling puppies; and then hang myſelf, that it may conclude with a grace. Zounds, he muſt be endued with ſupernatural intelligence. Juſt when I was ſaying a thouſand civil things to myſelf on my ſucceſs, to have my mine ſprung before my eyes by the enemy; and, inſtead of ſerving my friend and myſelf, become a meer tool to old Gravity's revenge! 'Pſhaw! however, we muſt make the beſt of a bad matter.—— Woodville, what do'ſt mean to do, man?

Wood.

Wood. Let them produce my Cecilia!---I will then ſeize, and protect her to the laſt moment of my life.

Har. And I will aſſiſt you to the laſt moment of mine.

Wood. My generous couſin! this is indeed friendſhip.

Har. Not ſo very generous, if you knew all.

Re-enter Lord Glenmore *and the* Governor, *with* Bridget *holding a handkerchief to her eyes,* Vane *following;* Woodville *flies and claſps her in his arms;* Harcourt *takes her hand.*

Wood. My love! my life!---do I once again behold thee?---fear nothing!---you here are ſafe from all the world!---will you not bleſs me with one look?

Brid. (*looking at him and* Harcourt *with ridiculous diſtreſs*) Oh, dear me!

L. Glen. I have put it out of your power to marry, Sir, otherwiſe you may take her.

Wood. Take *her!*---what poor farce is this?

Har. Hey-day! more incomprehenſibilities.

Van. (*Aſide*) Now for the eclairciſſement---ſince, if the Governor doesn't acknowledge her in his firſt rage and confuſion, I may never be able to make him!---I humbly hope, Mr. Woodville will pardon me, if, with her own conſent and my Lord's, *I* this morning married this young lady.

Gov. Zounds, you dog, what's that?---*you* married her?---why, how did you dare---and you too,

too, my Lord!---what the devil, did you conſent to this?

Vane. Believe me, ſir, I didn't then know ſhe was your daughter.

L. Glen. Daughter!

Gov. So, it's out, after all:---it's a lye, you dog! you *did* know ſhe was my daughter;---you all knew it;---you all conſpired to torment me!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Gov. Ha, ha, ha! confound your mirth!---as if I had not plagues enough already.---And you have great reaſon to grin too, my Lord, when you have thrown away my Gawky on your impudent valet.

L. Glen. Who could ever have dreamt of---ha, ha, ha---of finding *this* your little wonder of the country, brother?

Har. Nay, my Lord, ſhe's the little wonder of the town, too.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Gov. Mighty well,-----mighty well,----mighty well; pray, take your whole laugh out, good folks; ſince this is, poſitively, the laſt time of my entertaining you in this manner.---A cottage ſhall henceforth be her portion, and a rope mine.

Brid. I you *are* my papa, I think you might give ſome beter proof of your kindneſs;---but I ſhan't ſtir;---why, I married on purpoſe that I might not care for you.

Gov. Why, thou eternal torment!---my original ſin!---whoſe firſt fault was the greateſt frailty of woman; and whoſe ſecond, her greateſt folly! do'ſt thou,

thou, or the deſigning knave who has entrapped thee merely for that purpoſe, imagine my wealth ſhall ever reward incontinence and ingratitude?---no; go knit ſtockings to ſome regiment were he is preferred to be drummer!---warm yourſelf when the ſun ſhines!---ſoak ev'ry hard-earned cruſt in your own tears, and repent at leiſure. [*Exit in a rage.*

All. Ha, ha, ha!

L. Glen. *He* to ridicule my mode of education!---- but what is the meaning of all this?

Wood. Truly, my Lord, I believe it would be very hard to find any for either my uncle's words or actions.----I am equally at a loſs to gueſs as to Bridget here.

Vane. Hey, what? Bridget, did you ſay, ſir? why you little ugly witch, are you really Bridget?

Brid. Why, I told ye ſo all along; but you wou'dn't believe me.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Brid. Oh dear heart!---I am now as much afeard of my new huſband as father.

L. Glen. For thee, wench----

Brid. (*pops upon her knees*) Oh, no more locking up, for goodneſs ſake, my Lord---I be ſick enough of paſſing for a lady: but, if old Scratch ever puts ſuch a trick again in my head, I hope---your Lordſhip will catch me! that's all. [*Exit.*

Vane. I ſhall run diſtracted! have I married an--- and all for nothing too?

L. Glen. A puniſhment peculiarly juſt, as it reſults from abuſing my confidence----Hence, wretch!

nor

nor ever, while you live, appear again in my preſence. [*Exit* Vane, *looking furiouſly after* Bridget.

L. Glen. 'Tis time to return to ourſelves. We ſhall ſoon come to an eclairciſſement, Woodville!---Since *you* won't marry, I will.

Wood. My Lord!

L. Glen. And you ſhall judge of my choice. [*Exit.*

Har. Now for it;---whatever devil diverts himſelf among us to-day, I ſee he owes my ſagacious Lord here a grudge, as well as the reſt; and I foreſee that his wife and the Governor's daughter will prove equally entertaining.

Enter Lord Glenmore *leading* Cecilia, *followed by Miſs* Mortimer.

L. Glen. This Lady, Sir, I have ſelected;---a worthy choice.

Wood. I dream, ſurely!---that lady your choice?---*yours!*

L. Glen. Ungrateful ſon! had ſuch been yours---

Wood. Why, this very Angel *is* mine, my Cecilia, my firſt, my only love.

L. Glen. How!---

Cec. Yes, my Lord!---you now know the unhappy object at once of your reſentment, contempt, and admiration!---my own misfortunes I had learnt to bear, but thoſe of Woodville overpower me!---I deliver myſelf up to your juſtice; content to be ev'ry way his victim, ſo I am not his ruin.

L. Glen. But to find you in this houſe---

Cec.

Cec. Your generous nephew and the amiable Miſs Mortimer diſtinguiſh'd me with the only aſylum could ſhelter me from your ſon!

L. Glen. They diſtinguiſhed *themſelves!*----Oh, Woodville! did I think an hour ago I could be more angry with you?---How durſt you warp a mind ſo noble?

Wood. It is a crime my life cannot expiate,---yet, if the ſincereſt anguiſh---

L. Glen. I have one act of juſtice ſtill in my power; ---my prejudice in favour of birth, and even a ſtronger prejudice, is corrected by this lovely girl:---of her goodneſs of heart, and greatneſs of mind, I have had inconteſtible proofs, and, if I thought you, Frank---

Cec. Yet, ſtay, my Lord! nor kill me with too much kindneſs.---Once your generoſity might have made me happy, now only miſerable.---My reaſon, my pride, nay even my love, induces me to refuſe as the only way to prove I deſerve him!---he has taught me to know the world too late, nor will I retort on him the contempt I have incurr'd.---Mr. Woodville will tell you whether I have not ſolemnly vow'd---

Wood. Not to accept me without the conſent of both fathers; and, if mine conſents, what doubt---

Governor *without.*

Stop that old man! ſtop that mad parſon! ſtop him!

Grey.

Grey *without.*

Nothing ſhall ſtop me in purſuit of my---(*enters*) Ha! ſhe is---ſhe is here indeed! providence has at length directed me to her (*runs to* Cecilia)

Cec. My father! cover'd with ſhame let me ſink before you.

L. Glen. and *Har.* Her father!

Enter Governor.

Grey. Riſe, my glorious girl! riſe purified and forgiven! riſe to pity with me the weak minds that know not all thy value, and venerate the noble ones that do.

Gov. Hey! is it poſſible! Grey, is this my---

Gov. Yes, Sir; this is your Cecilia, my Cecilia, the object of your avowed rejection and contempt!

Gov. Rejection and contempt! ſtand out of the way ---let me embrace my daughter---let me take her once more to my heart---(*runs and embraces her.*)

L. Glen. His daughter!

Gov. Yes, my friends, this is *really* my daughter---my own Cecilia, as ſure as I am an old fool after being a young one, this good girl has a right to call me ſo by the name of father.---Hasn't ſhe, Grey?--why my Lord, this is the very parſon I told you of?---(*taking* Cecilia's *arm under his*) and *now*, young Sir, what do you ſay to your uncle's freaks?

Wood. Say, Sir? that had you ten thouſand ſuch I would go through a patriarchal ſervitude, in hopes of Cecilia's hand for my reward.

Gov. And, had I ten millions of money, and this only girl, thou ſhould'ſt have her, and that, too, for thy noble freedom.---And what ſays my Cecilia to her father's firſt gift?

Cec. Aſtoniſhment and pleaſure leave me hardly power to ſay, that a diſobedience to you, ſir, would only double my fault: nor to worſhip that Heav'n, which has led me through ſuch a trial, to ſuch a reward!---take all I have left myſelf to give you, Woodville, in my hand---(Woodville *kiſſes firſt her hand, and then herſelf.*)

Grey. Now, let me die, my darling child! ſince I have ſeen thee, once more, innocent and happy.

Gov. And now, kiſs me, my Cecilia!---kiſs me!---od, Miſs Mortimer ſhall kiſs me too, for loving my poor girl here!---kiſs me, all of you, old and young! men, women and children!---od, I am ſo overjoyed, I dread the conſequences.———D'ye hear, there?---fetch me a ſurgeon and a bottle of wine!——I muſt both empty and fill my veins on this occaſion——zooks I could find in my heart to friſk it merrily in defiance of the gout, and take that curſed vixen below, whoever ſhe is, for my partner!

L. Glen. Methinks all ſeem rewarded, but my poor Sophia here? and her protection of Cecilia deſerves the higheſt recompence: but whenever, my dear, you can preſent me the huſband of your choice, I will preſent him with a fortune fit for my daughter.

Gov. Protect Cecilia! od! ſhe is a good girl, and a charming girl, and I honour the very tip of her feathers now!---if ſhe could but fancy our Charles,

I'd throw in ſomething pretty on his ſide, I promiſe you.

Miſs Mor. Frankneſs is the faſhion.---What would you ſay, ſir, and you, my Lord, if I *had* fancied your Charles ſo much, as to make him mine already?

Gov. Hey-day! more diſcov'ries! how's this, boy?

Har. Even ſo, ſir, indeed.

L. Glen. It completes my ſatisfaction.

Gov. Od, brother! who'd have thought you in the right all the while?---we'll never ſeparate again, by the Lord Harry! but knock down our Welch friend's old houſe, and raiſe him one on the ruins, large enough to contain the whole family of us, where he ſhall reign ſole ſov'reign over all our future little Woodville's and Cecilias.

Cec. Oppreſſed with wonder, pleaſure, gratitude, I muſt endeavour to forgive *myſelf*, when heav'n thus graciouſly proves its forgiveneſs, in allying me to every human being my heart diſtinguiſhes.

Grey. Yes, my Cecilia, you may believe him, who never gave you a bad leſſon, that you are now moſt truly entitled to eſteem; ſince it requires a far greater exertion to ſtop your courſe down the hill of vice, than to toil ſlowly up toward virtue.

THE END.